

ULTIMATE SPIDER-MAN®

ISSUE
58

HOLLYWOOD: PART 5



ISANOVE

**BENDIS
BAGLEY
THIBERT**

MARVEL

The bite of a genetically altered spider granted high school student Peter Parker incredible, arachnid-like powers: strength, agility, a spider-like sixth sense warning him of personal danger, and most amazing of all— Peter can walk on walls. When a burglar killed his beloved Uncle Ben, a grief-stricken Peter vowed to use his amazing abilities to protect his fellow man. He learned the invaluable lesson that with great power there must also come great responsibility!

ULTIMATE SPIDER-MAN

"HOLLYWOOD"

PREVIOUSLY



#54

PART ONE OF SIX

Peter Parker learns a Spider-Man movie is being made and heads to the New York set to view its making. Meanwhile, an imprisoned Doctor Octopus learns his ex-wife has been hired as a consultant for the flick. Furious at this, Ock mentally calls his mechanical arms to him and bursts out of his cell intent on vengeance.



#55

PART TWO OF SIX

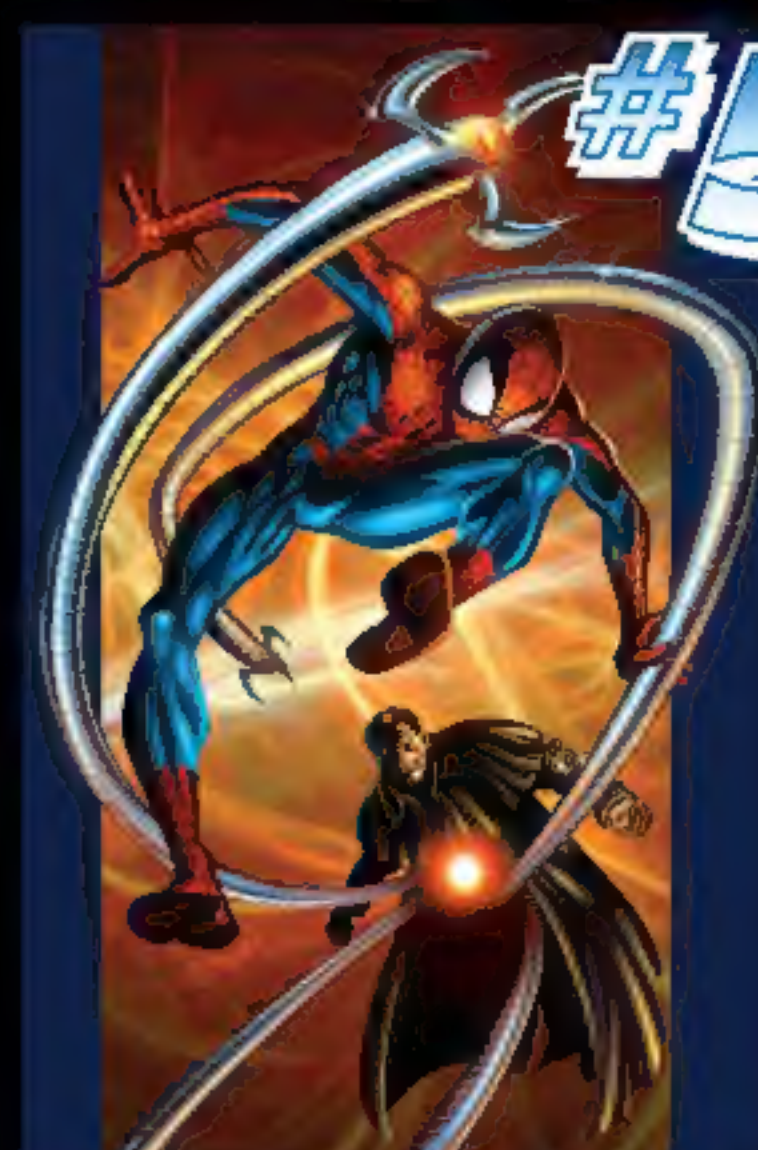
Infuriated at what he perceives to be his wife's betrayal for acting as a consultant on the upcoming Spider-Man film, Doctor Octopus smashes the movie set and comes into conflict with the real Spider-Man who was there as well.



#56

PART THREE OF SIX

The real Spider-Man and Doctor Octopus battle it out on the Spider-Man movie set. The struggle carries over to the Lincoln Tunnel where the web-spinner is rendered unconscious and kidnapped aboard a private jet heading for parts unknown.



#57

PART FOUR OF SIX

A door has burst open on the jet. Doc Ock believes Spider-Man escaped through it before the plane touched down.

Writer
Brian Michael Bendis

Assistant Editor
Nick Lowe

Penciler
Mark Bagley

Editor
Ralph Macchio

Inker
Scott Hanna

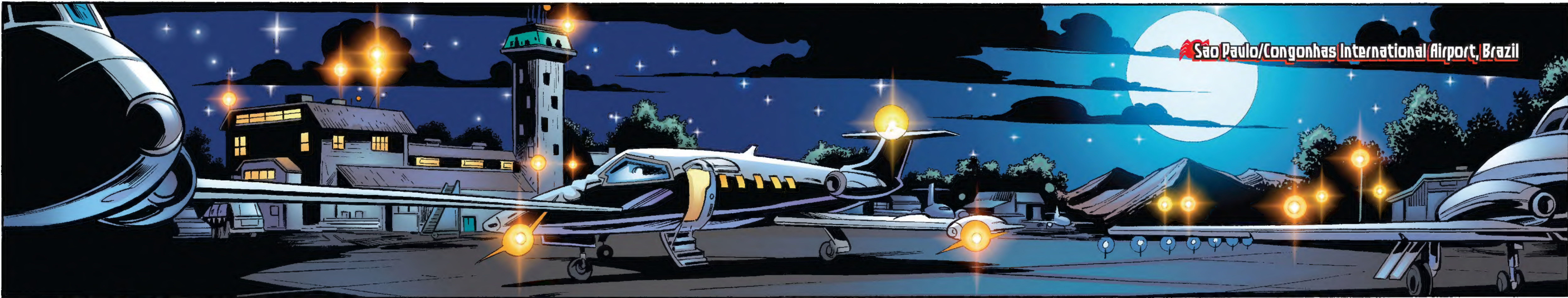
Editor in Chief
Joe Quesada

Colorist
J.D. Smith

Publisher
Dan Buckley

Letterer
Chris Eliopoulos

Special Thanks to
Jorge Boose

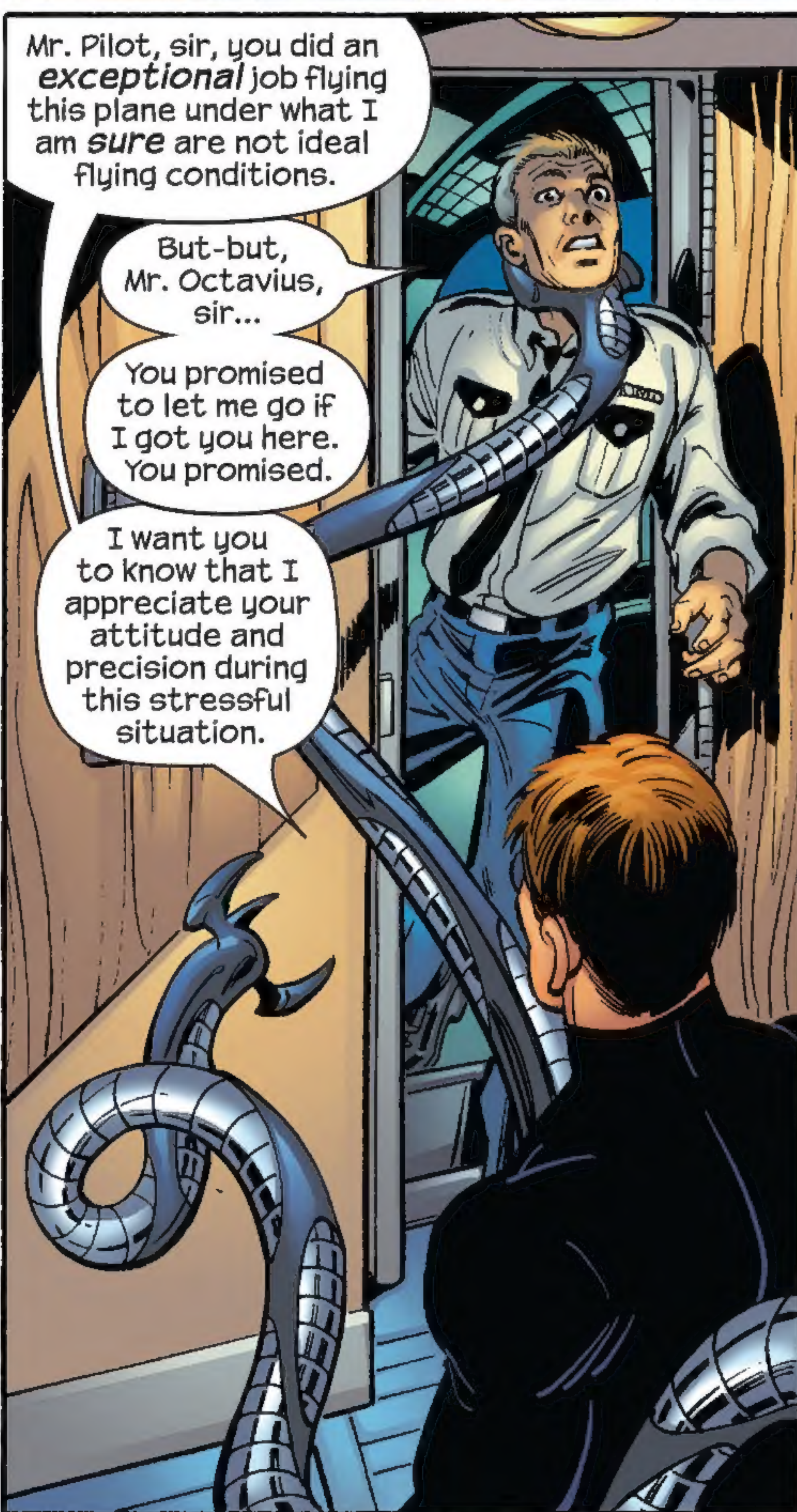


São Paulo/Congonhas International Airport, Brazil



I know.

Little Parker is out there somewhere.



Mr. Pilot, sir, you did an *exceptional* job flying this plane under what I am *sure* are not ideal flying conditions.

But-but, Mr. Octavius, sir...

You promised to let me go if I got you here. You promised.

I want you to know that I appreciate your attitude and precision during this stressful situation.



You-you promised.

Who?

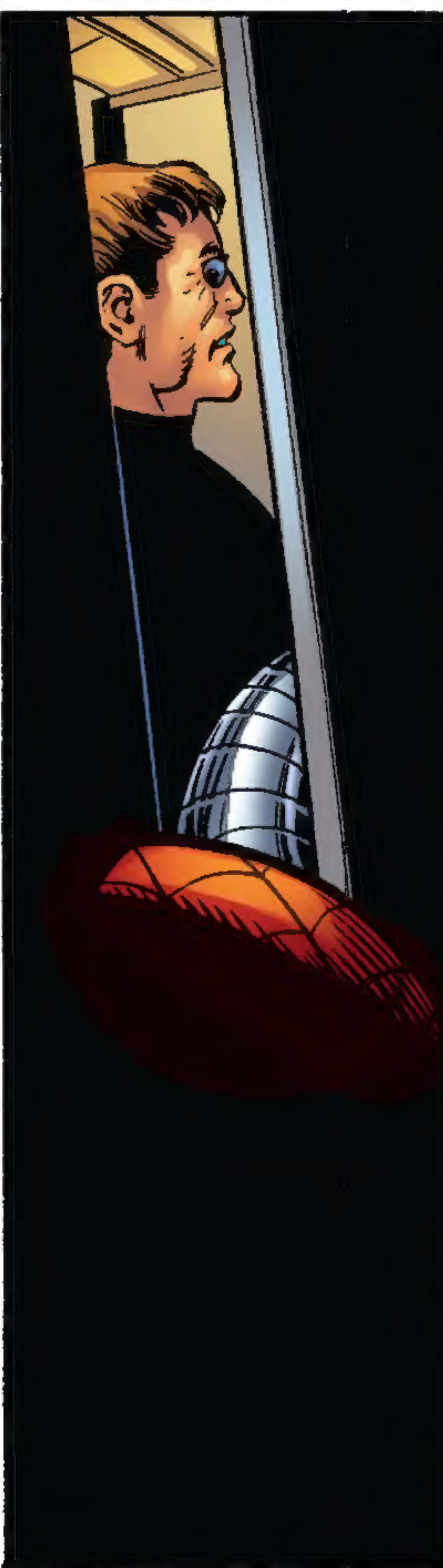
Yes, well, we still have the little Spider-Man to deal with.

That little Spider-Man.

The costumed young man I had tied up in the back of the plane.

Funny thing is, I know who he really is, behind the mask...

But it's useless information. It means nothing to me.



He-he jumped out of a moving plane a hundred miles away. He's--

He's out there, trust me.

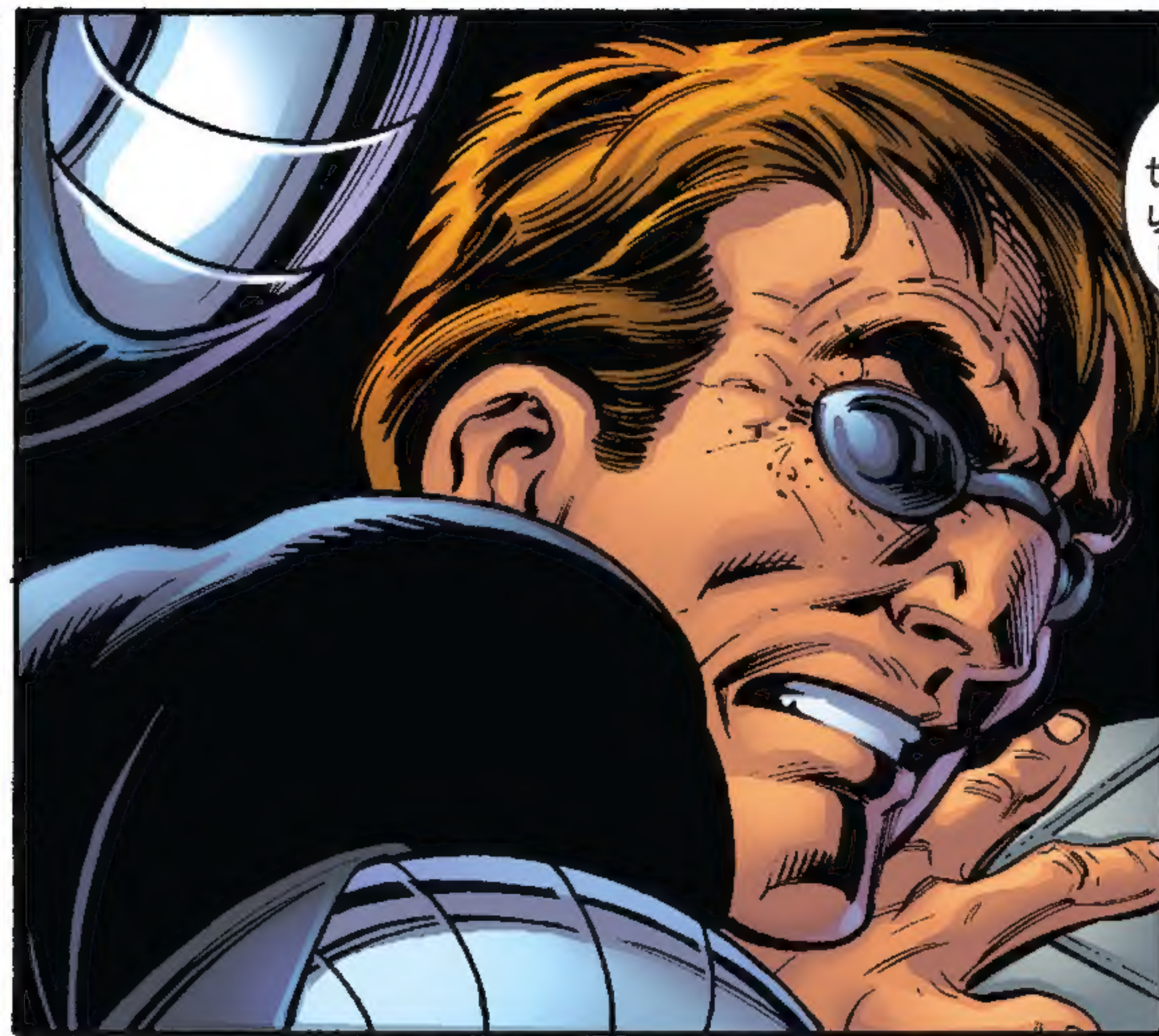
What? He couldn't possibly...

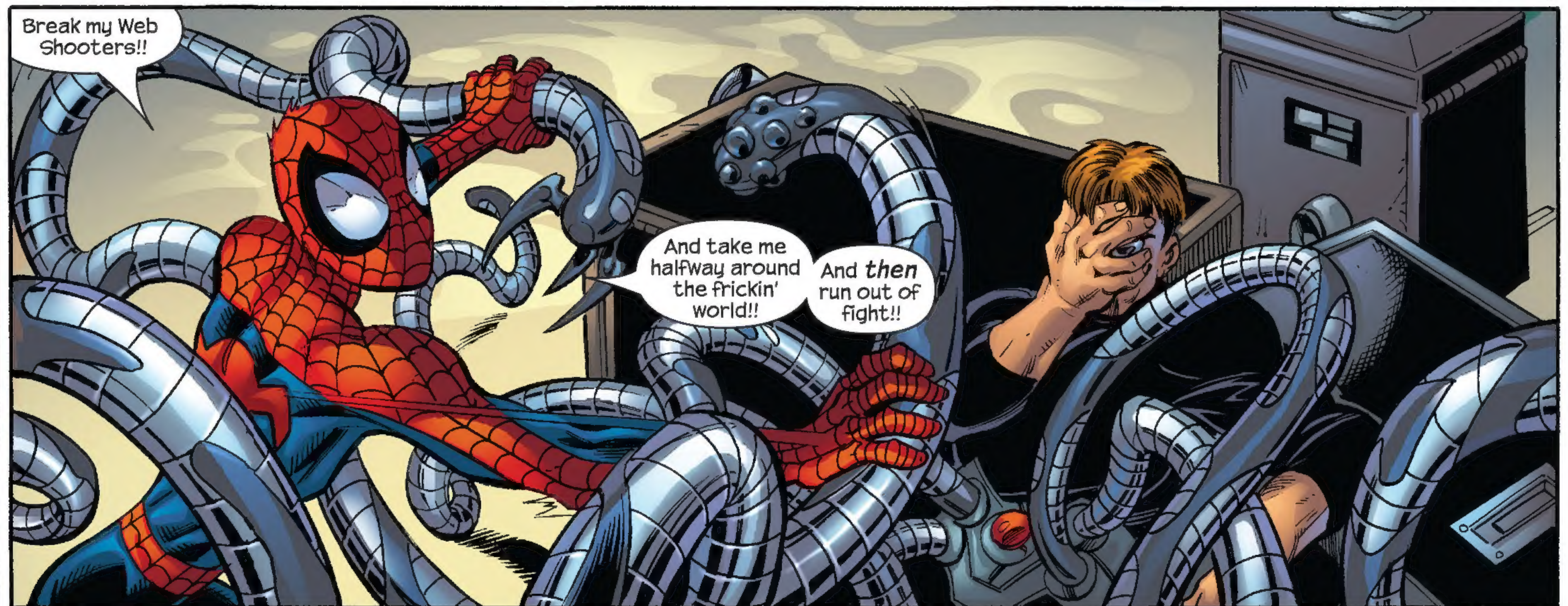
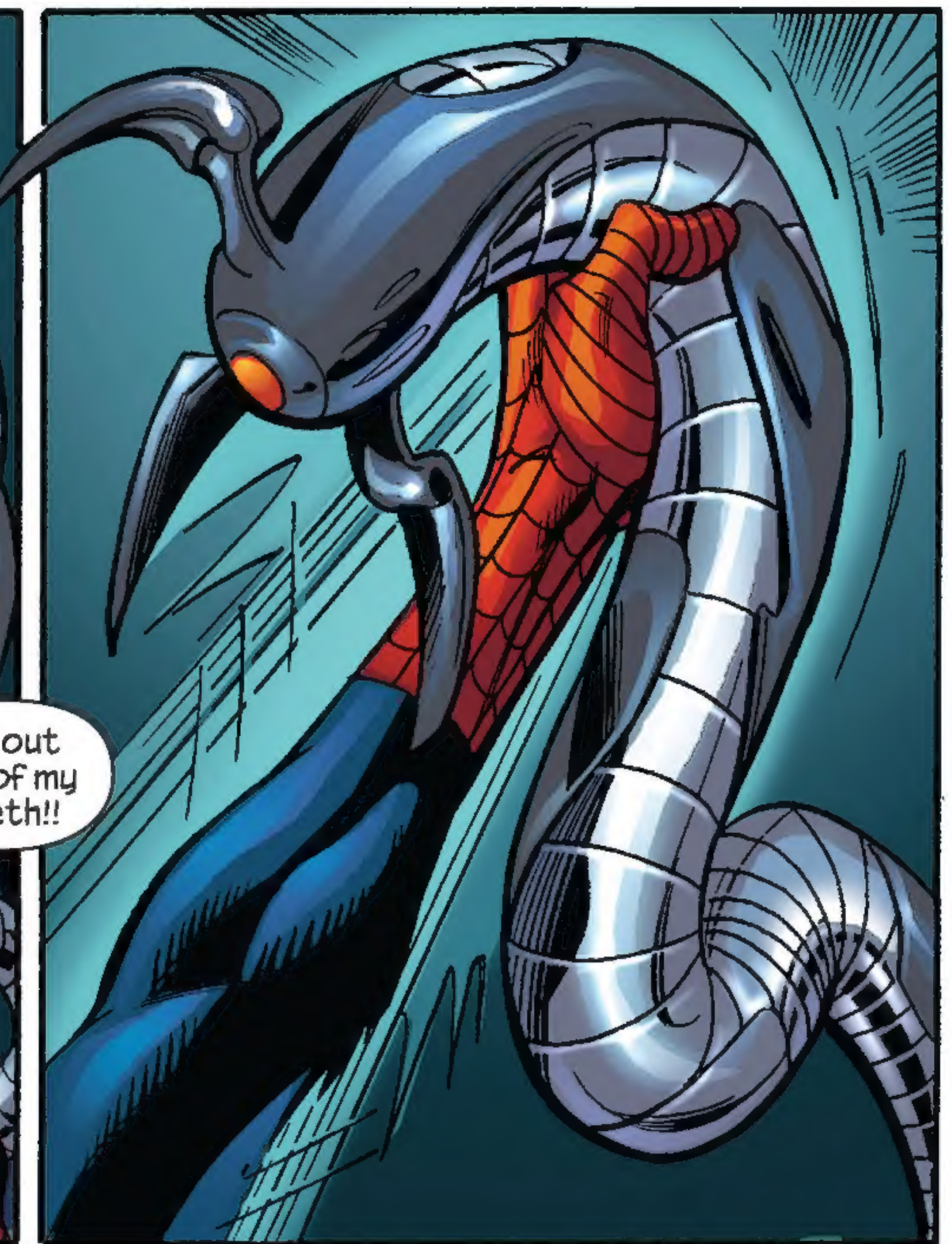
He's out there.

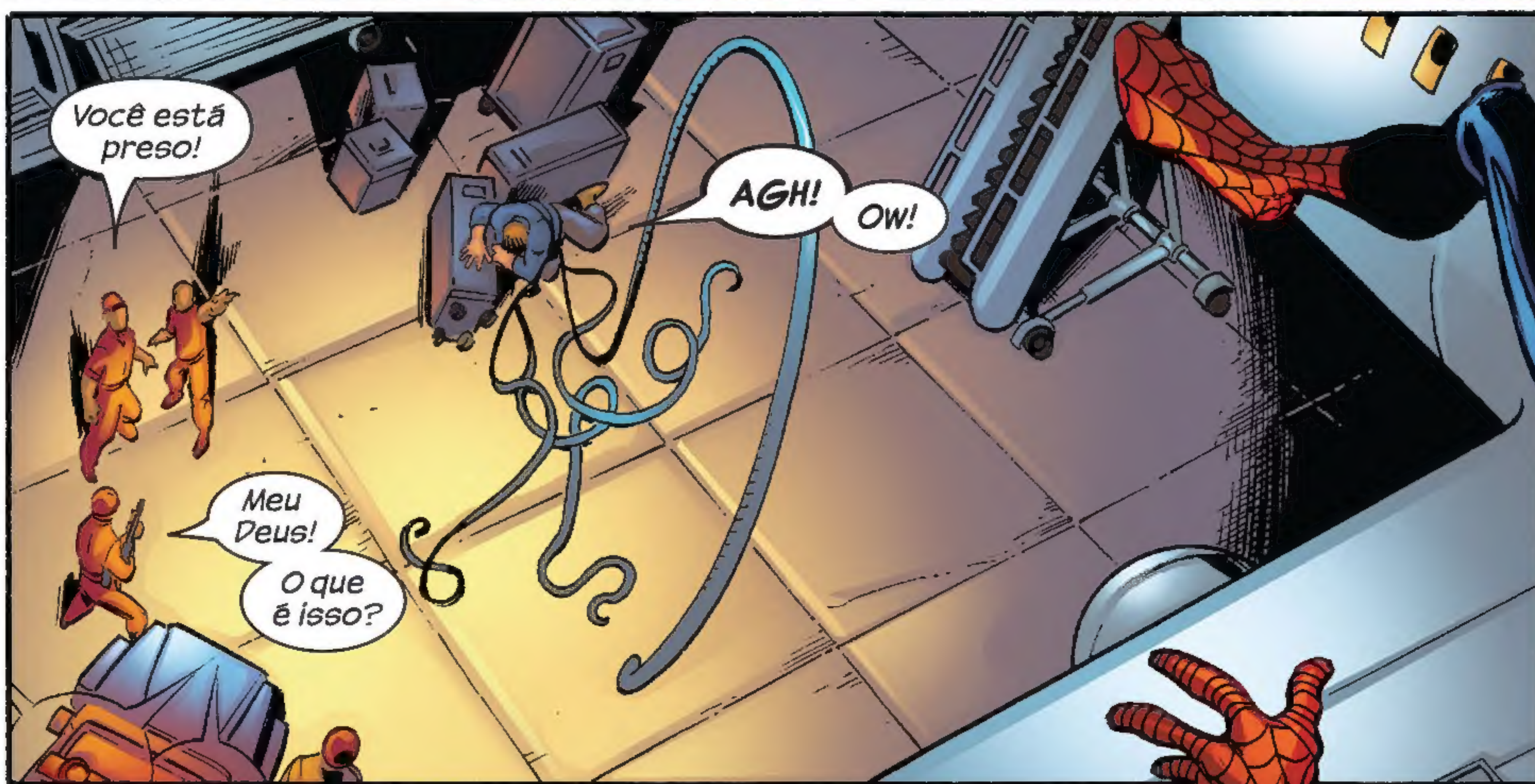
You're going to kill me, aren't you?

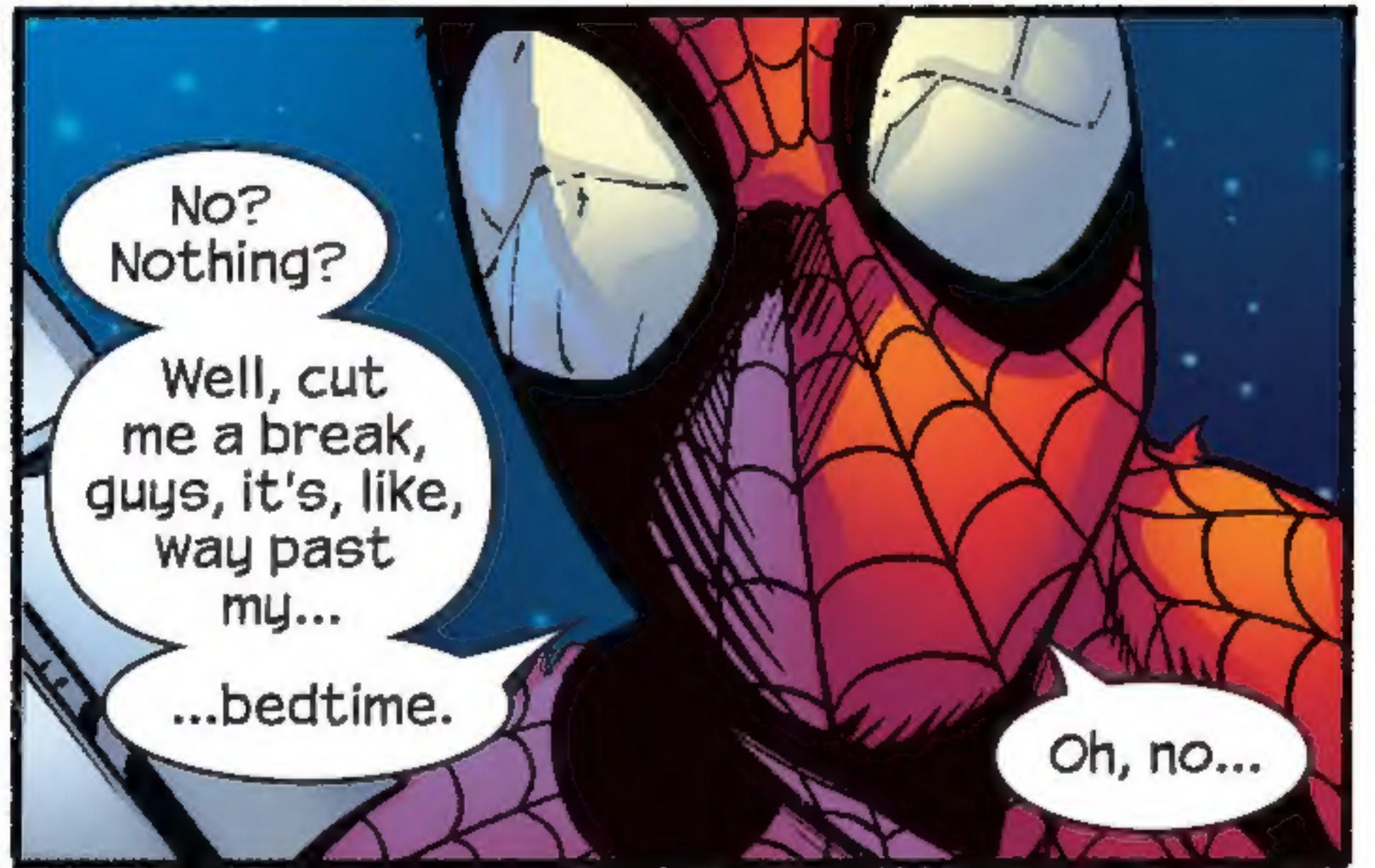
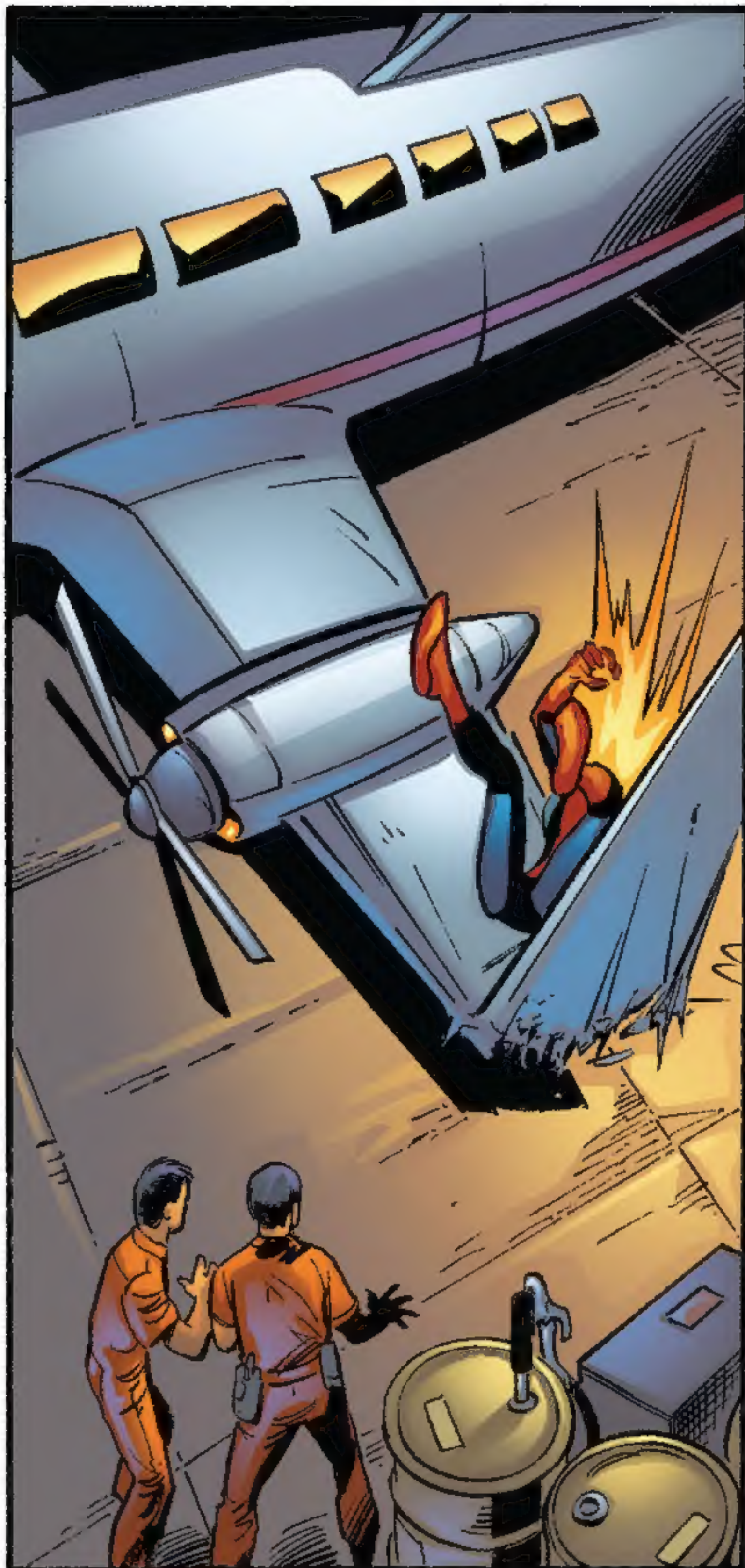


Well, you never know... the night's still young.



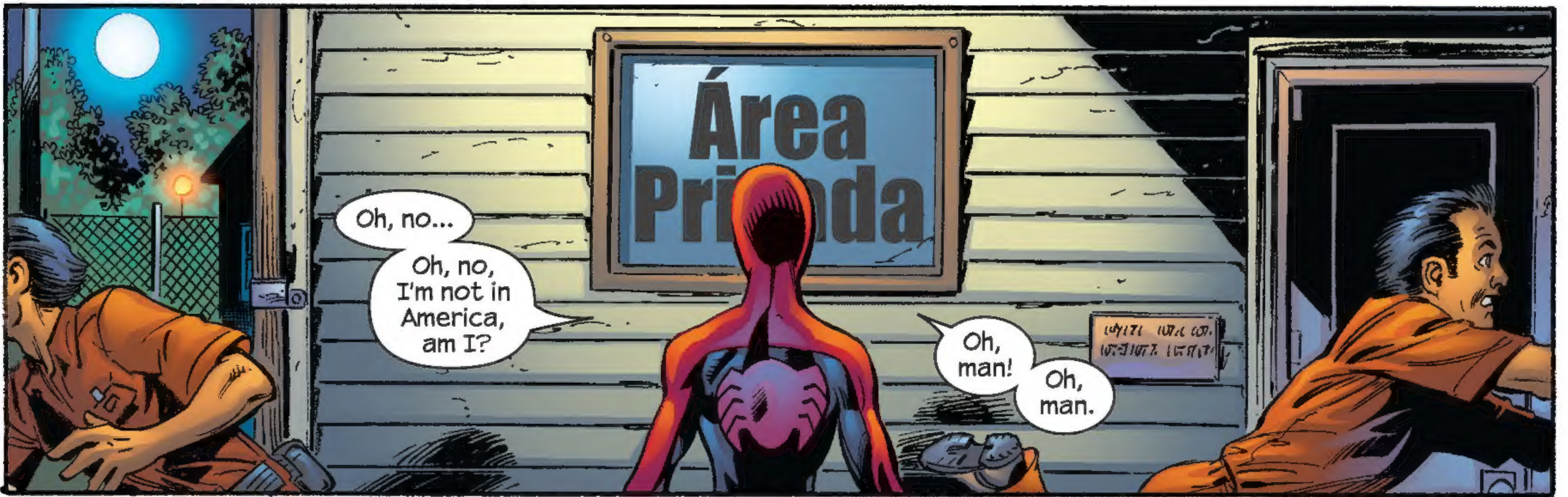






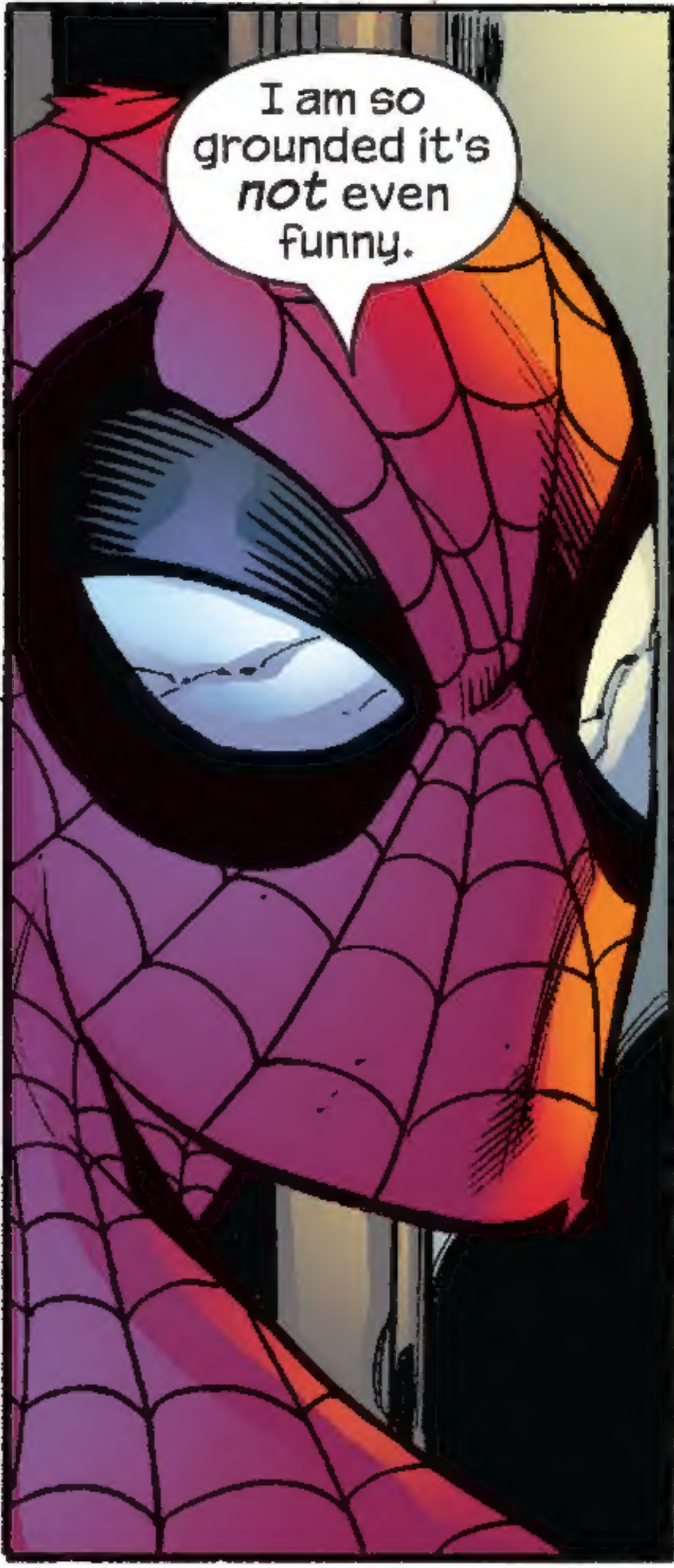
No?
Nothing?
Well, cut
me a break,
guys, it's, like,
way past
my...
...bedtime.

Oh, no...



Oh, no...
Oh, no,
I'm not in
America,
am I?

Oh,
man!
Oh,
man.



I am so
grounded it's
not even
funny.



O que
é isso?

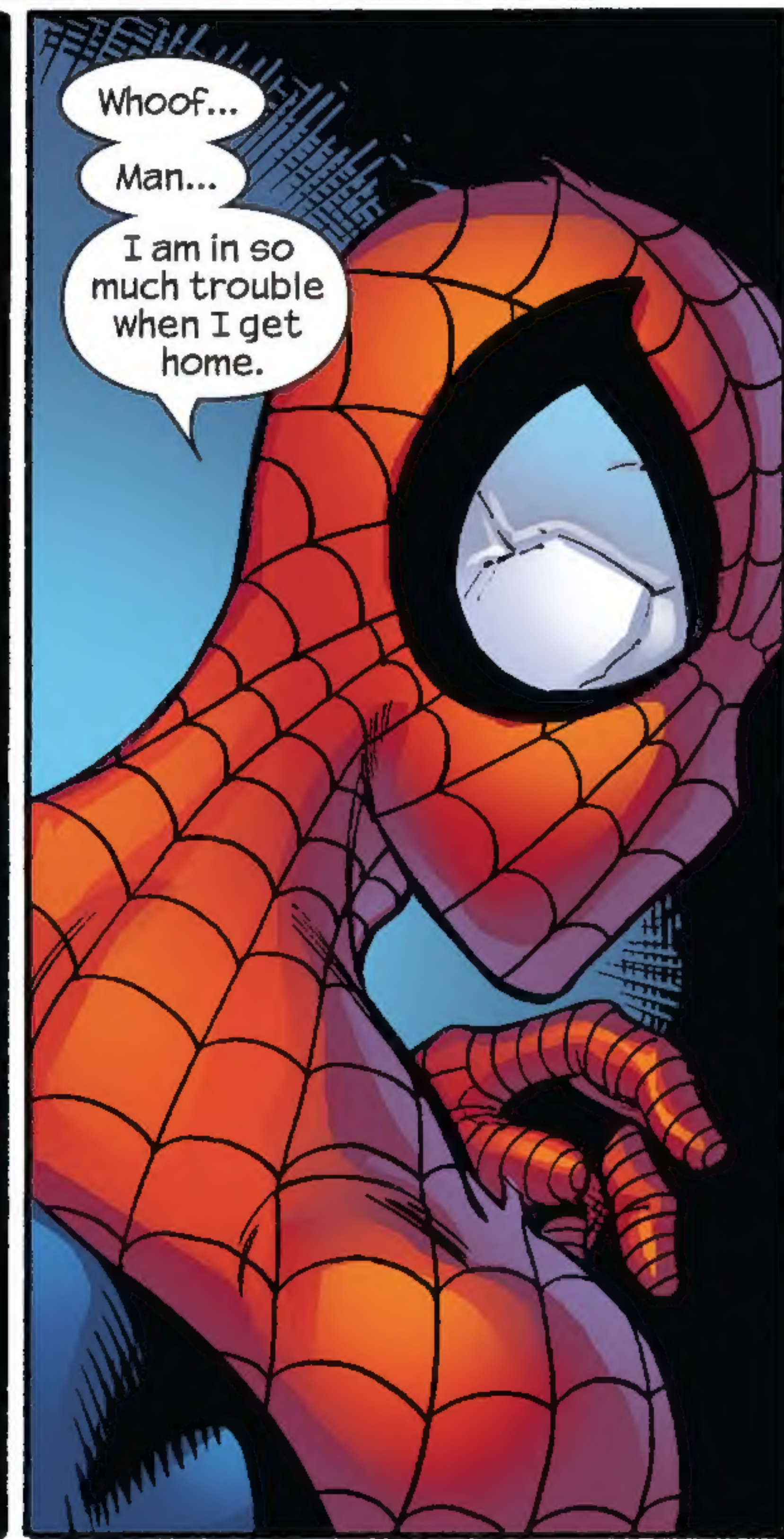
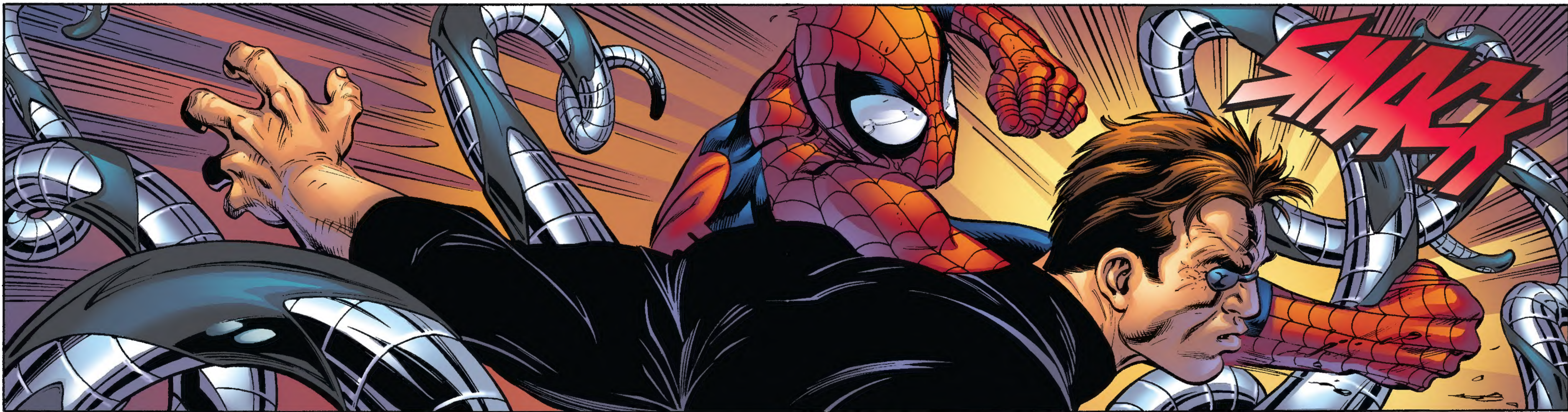
Get away
from me!! All
of you!! Get
away!!

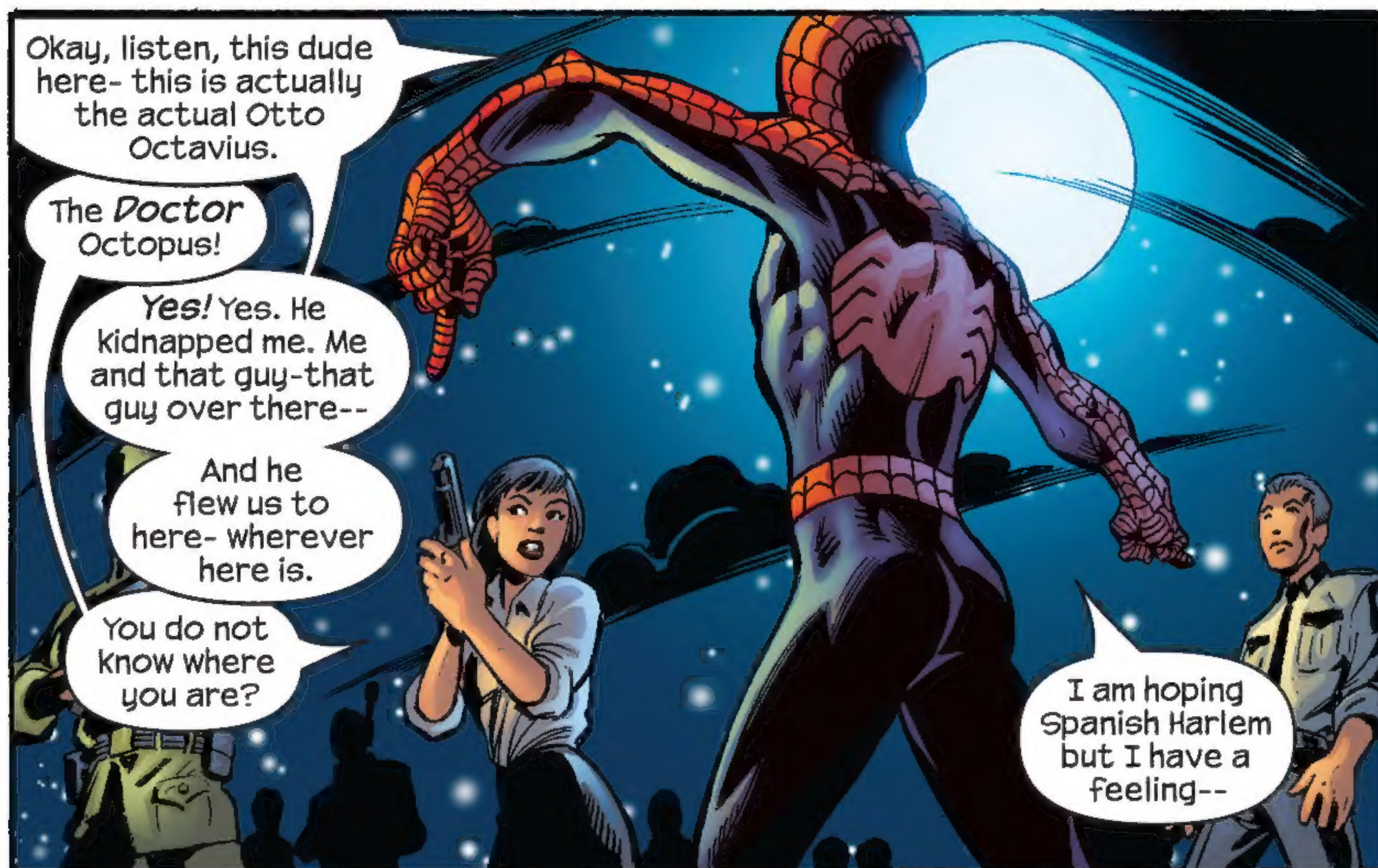
Agh! Não me
pagam suficiente
pra me dar com
isso!

You
people! Get
away!!

Get
away from
me!!

Okay, but
one more
thing...







I am going to barf in my mask.
(Again.)



I do not understand.

I can't be here. I need to be *not* here!

You were kidnapped by this Octopus man?

Yes, yes-hey, dude, tell them.

Yes, I was the-the pilot.



We were both kidnapped against our will and this- he- this guy saved us. This guy saved us from this lunatic.



Thank you.

Thank *you*!

Yeah, of course, of course, for you--

Could you- I know you've had a rough night, could you please, please fly me back to New York, please.

I'm sorry, sir, we're going to have to bring the two of you in for questioning.



No, that's okay. I'm fine.

No, we need to report this.

We need to file the papers. You will be in our custody, yes?



No! No, you don't understand, I need to- what time is it?

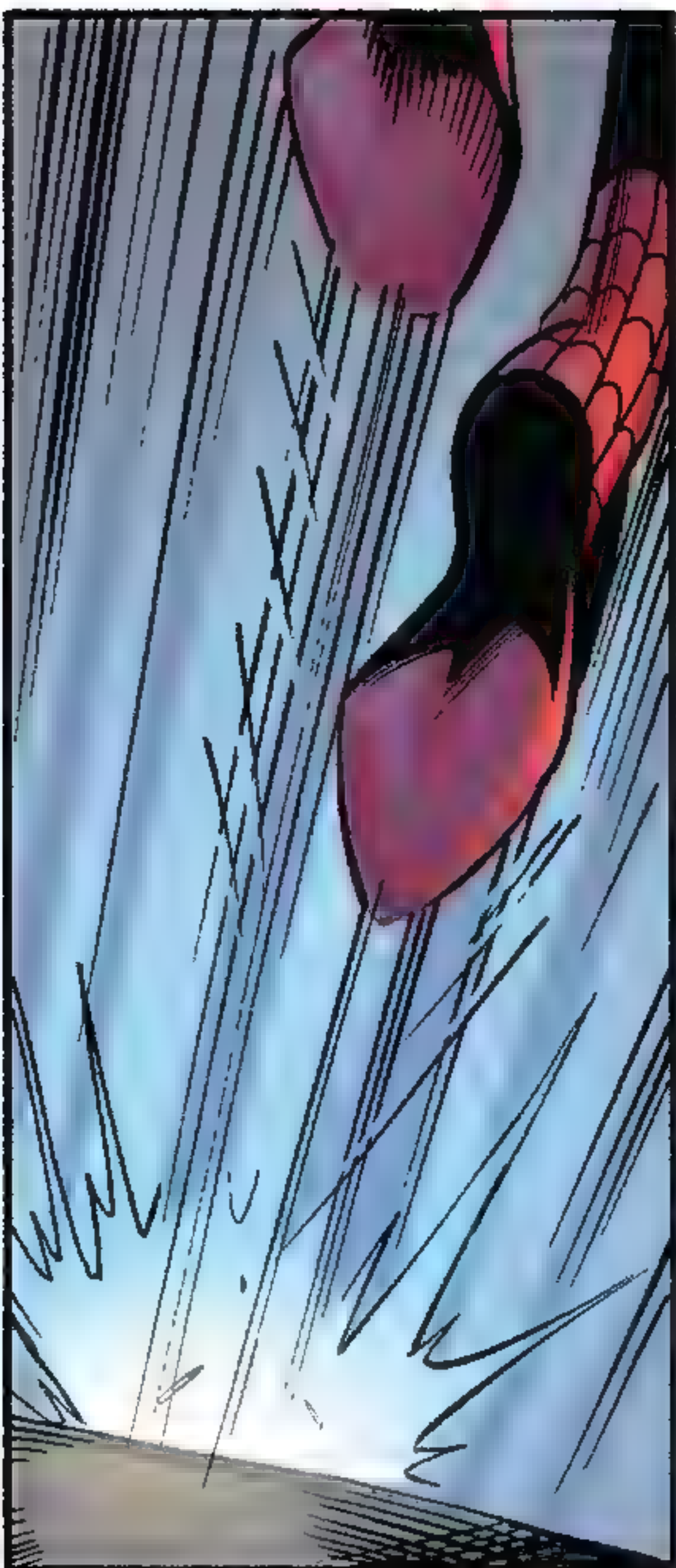
Sir, I am going to have to ask you to remove your mask and--



I just want to go home.

Please sir, if you'll follow us.

I am in so much trouble.





AAGGHH!!



Well!!

Aagh--

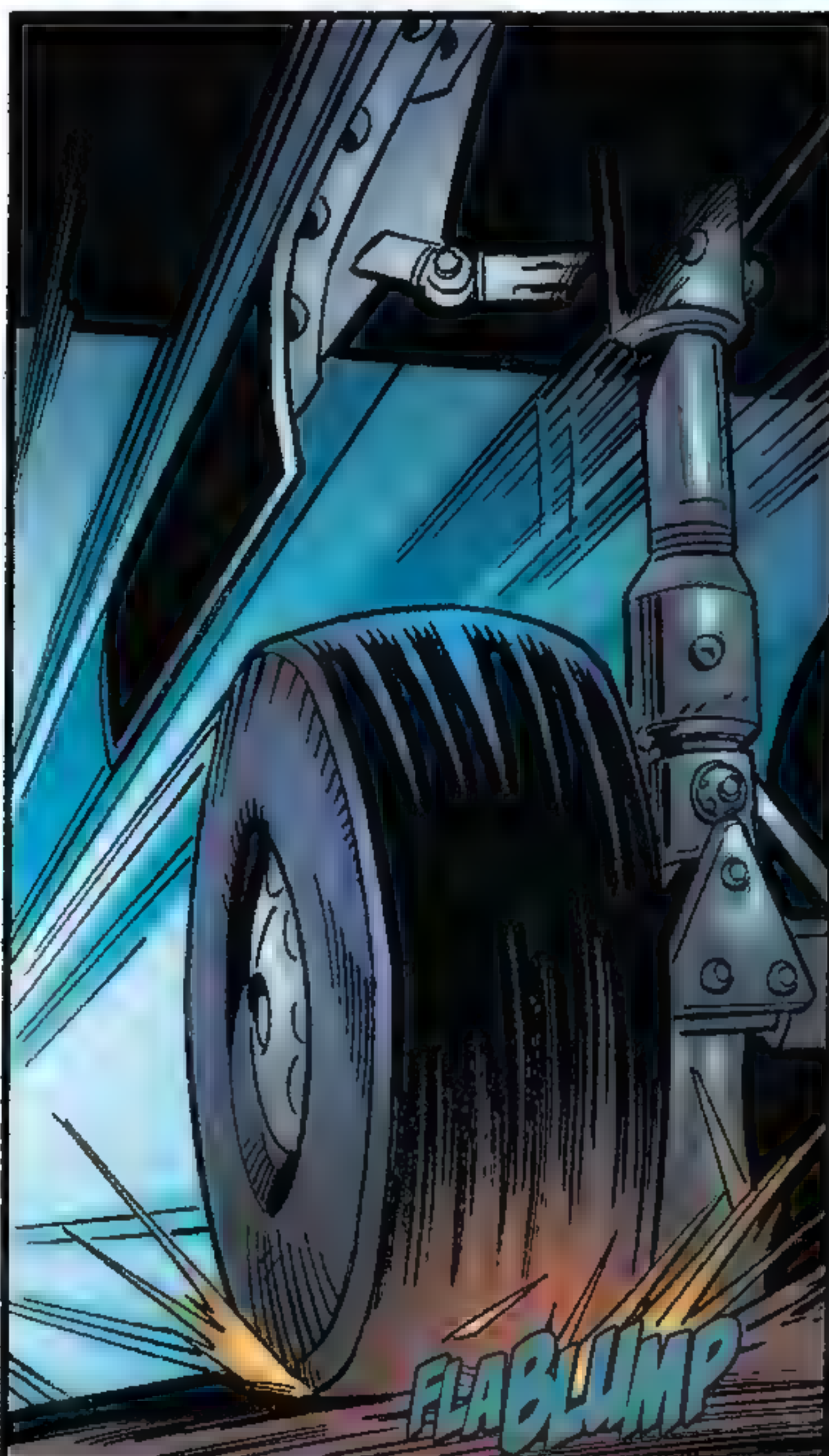
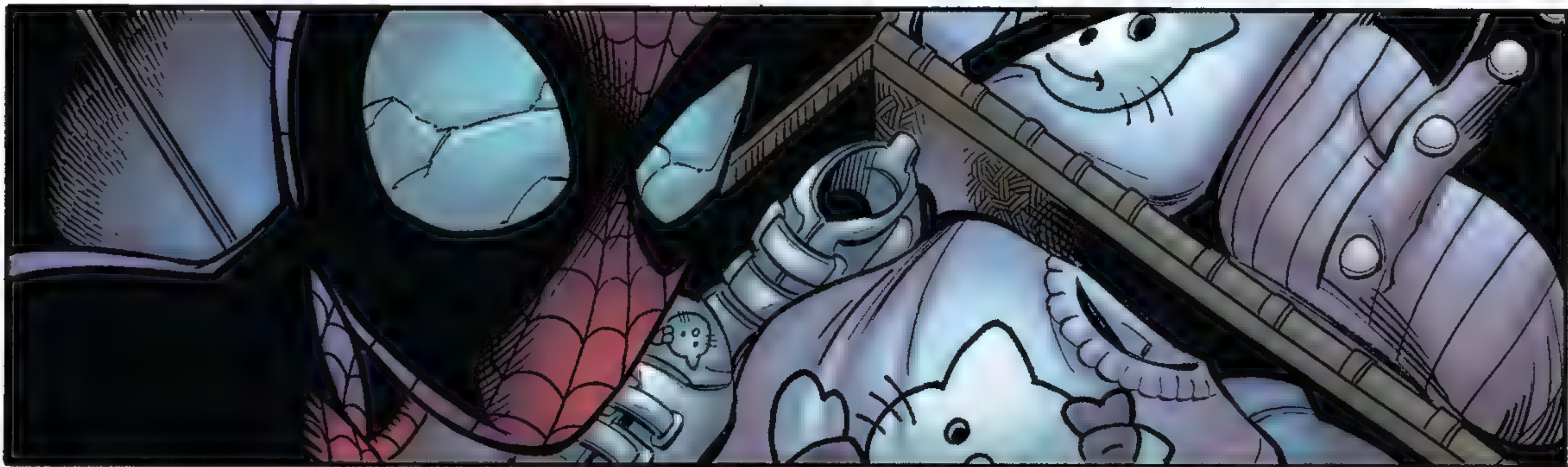
At least
I'm not in
Brazil.

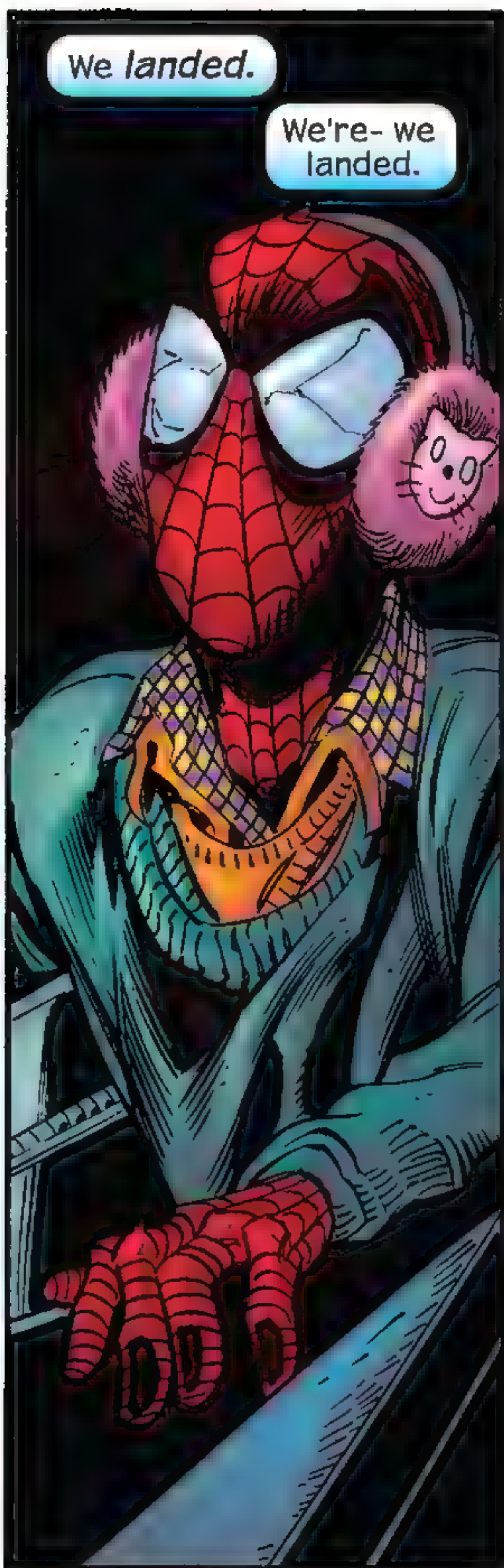


OW!



Ooooooh,
g-g-g-g-g--I am so
c-c-c-c-cold!





We landed.

We're- we landed.



Where am I now?

Oh, please don't be anywhere worse than where I was.

Please don't be going to Thailand.



Atlanta?
I'm going to Atlanta?

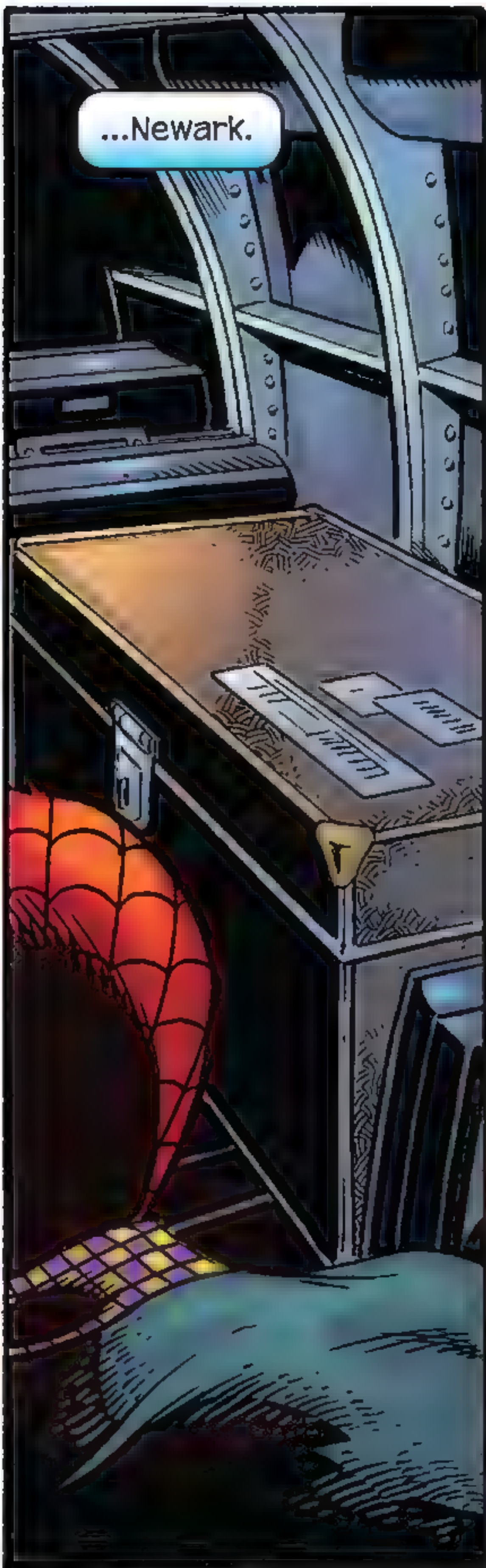
I'm in Atlanta.



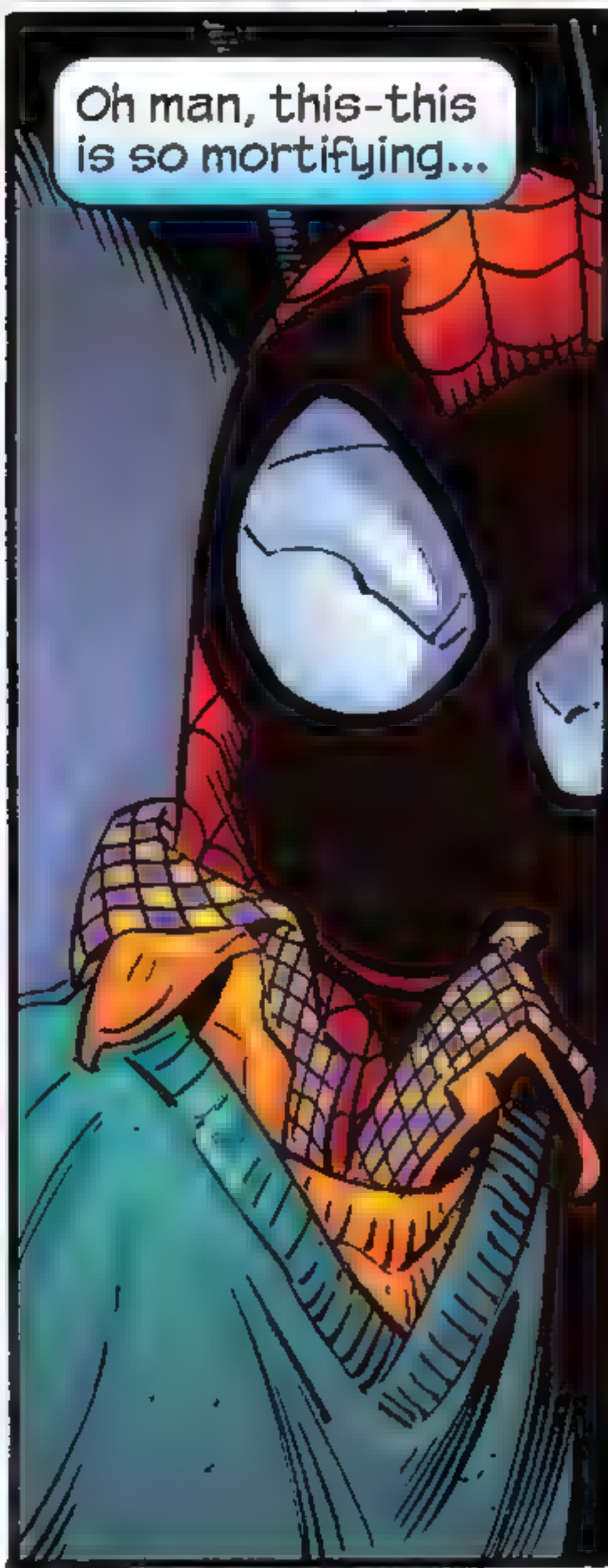
KLUMP

At least they speak some kind of English in Atlanta.

I don't need Atlanta. I-I need JFK or- or...



...Newark.

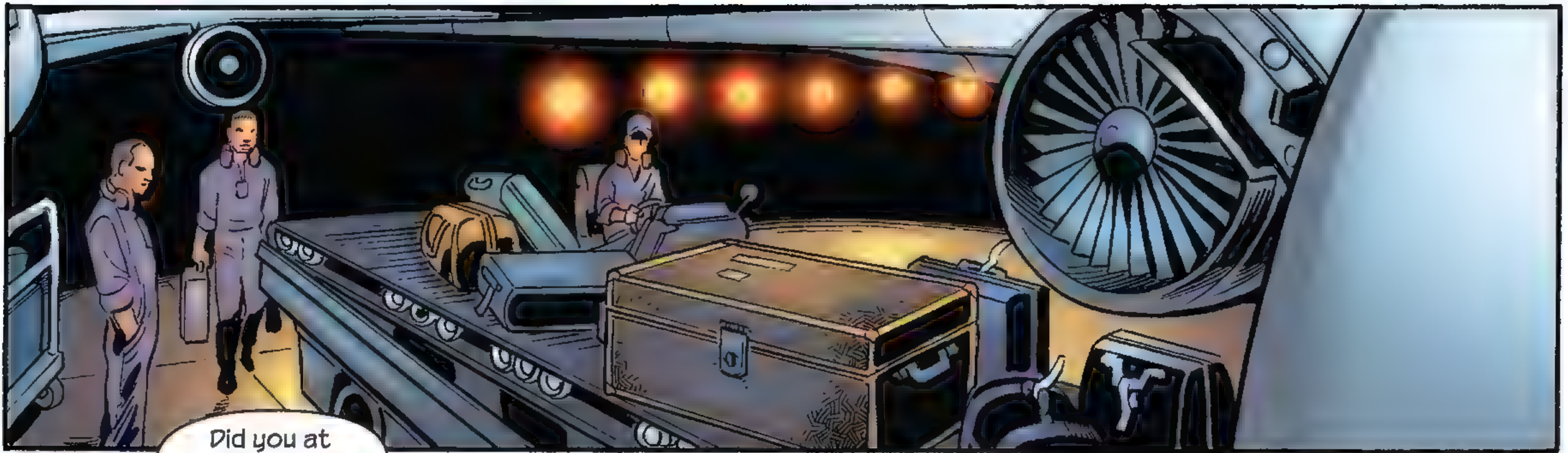


Oh man, this-this is so mortifying...



Hey, we got one more for Newark.

Ugh, you know they're supposed to label the heavy ones.



Did you at least cover the spread?

I don't want to talk about it.

Oh, dude.

I know.

Seriously.

KLUMP



CRASH

Oh, good, now I broke my finger.

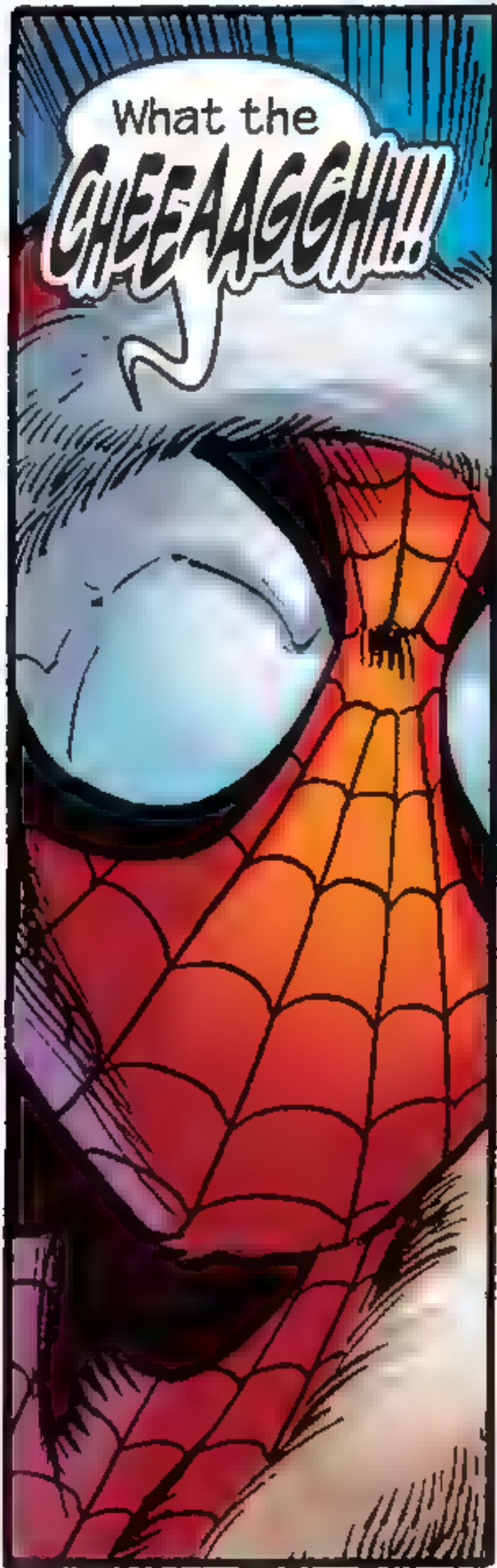
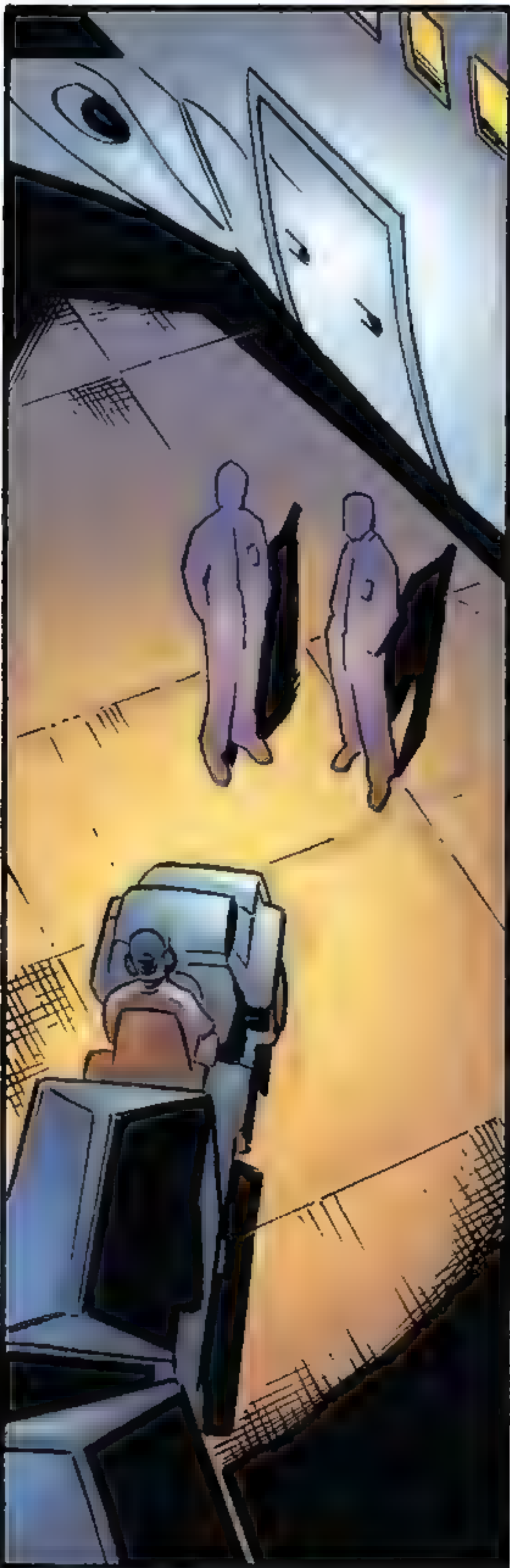


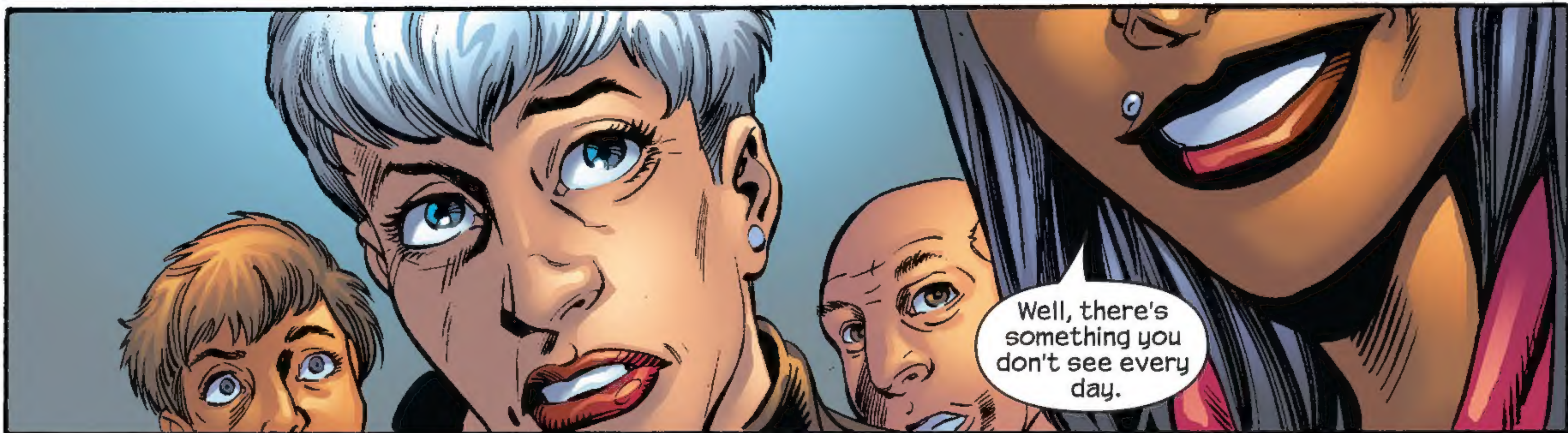
Agh! Man, there is no way any X-Man, Ultimate, or Fantastic Four guy had to go through anything even remotely like this... ever.

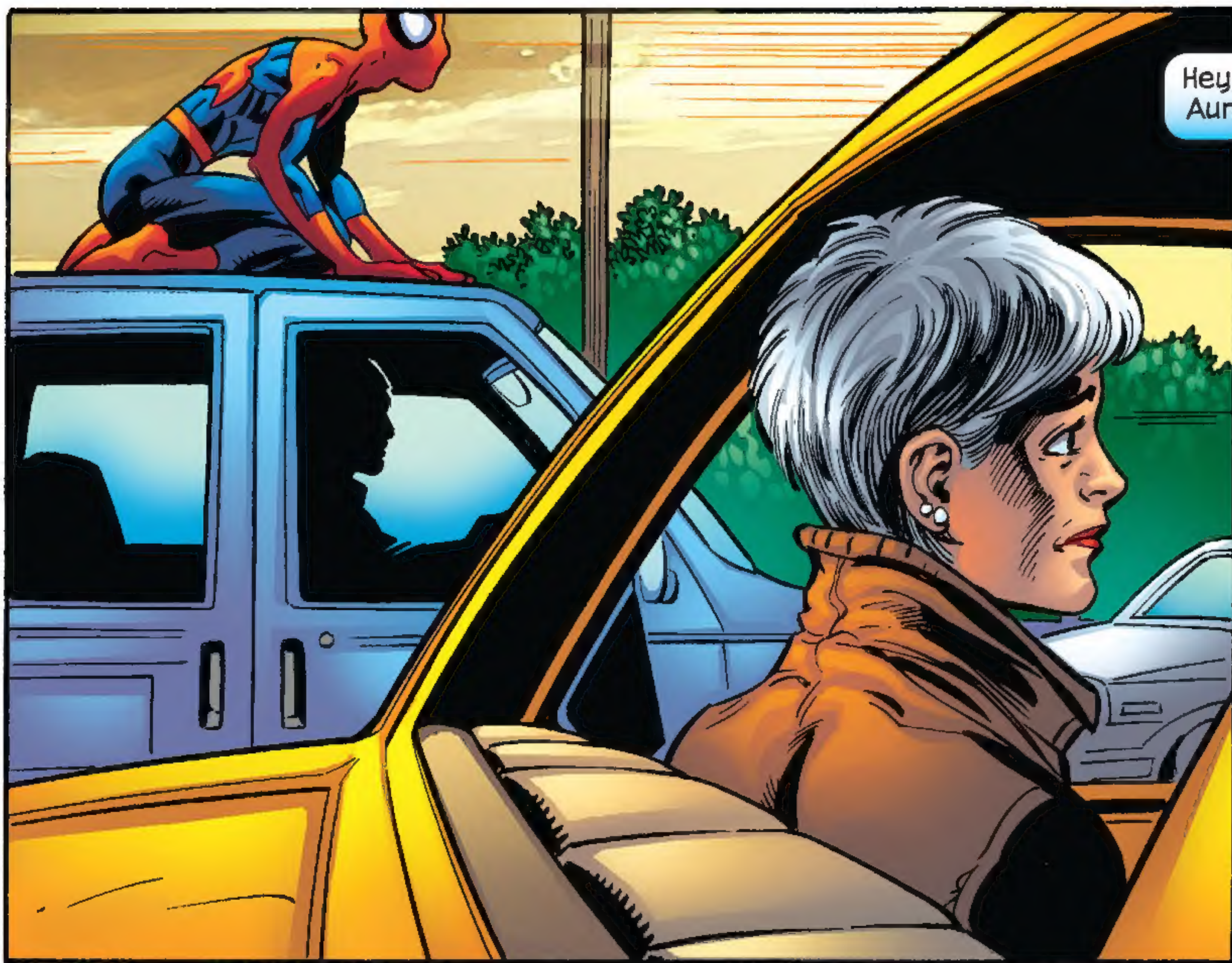


WHUMP FLUUMP CLUMP

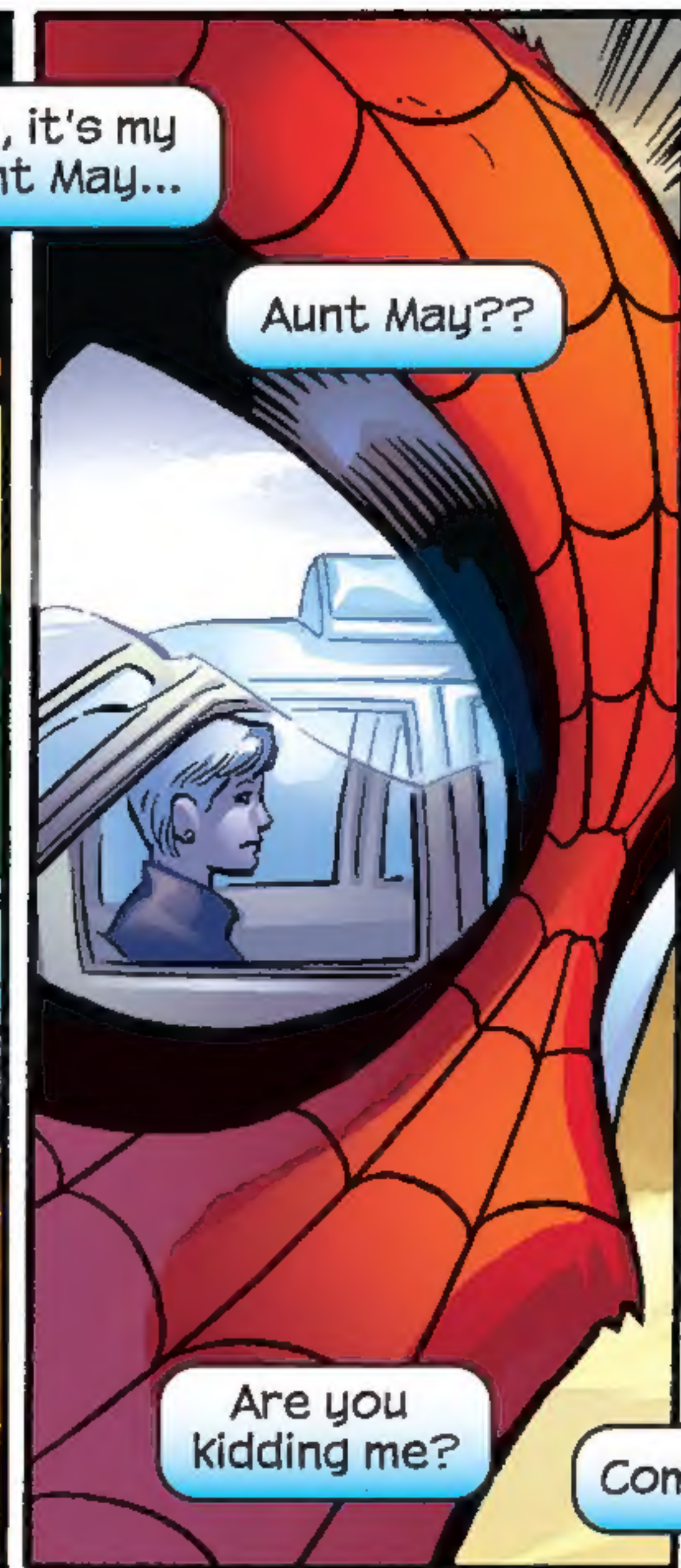
AAGH!







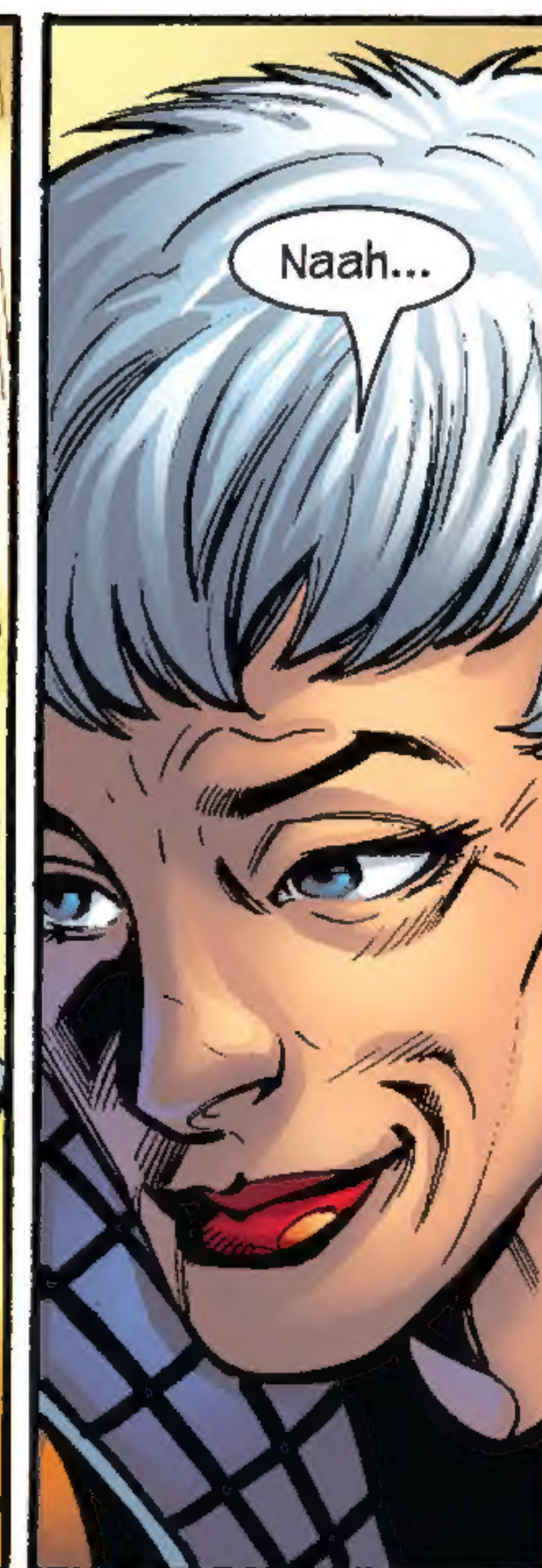
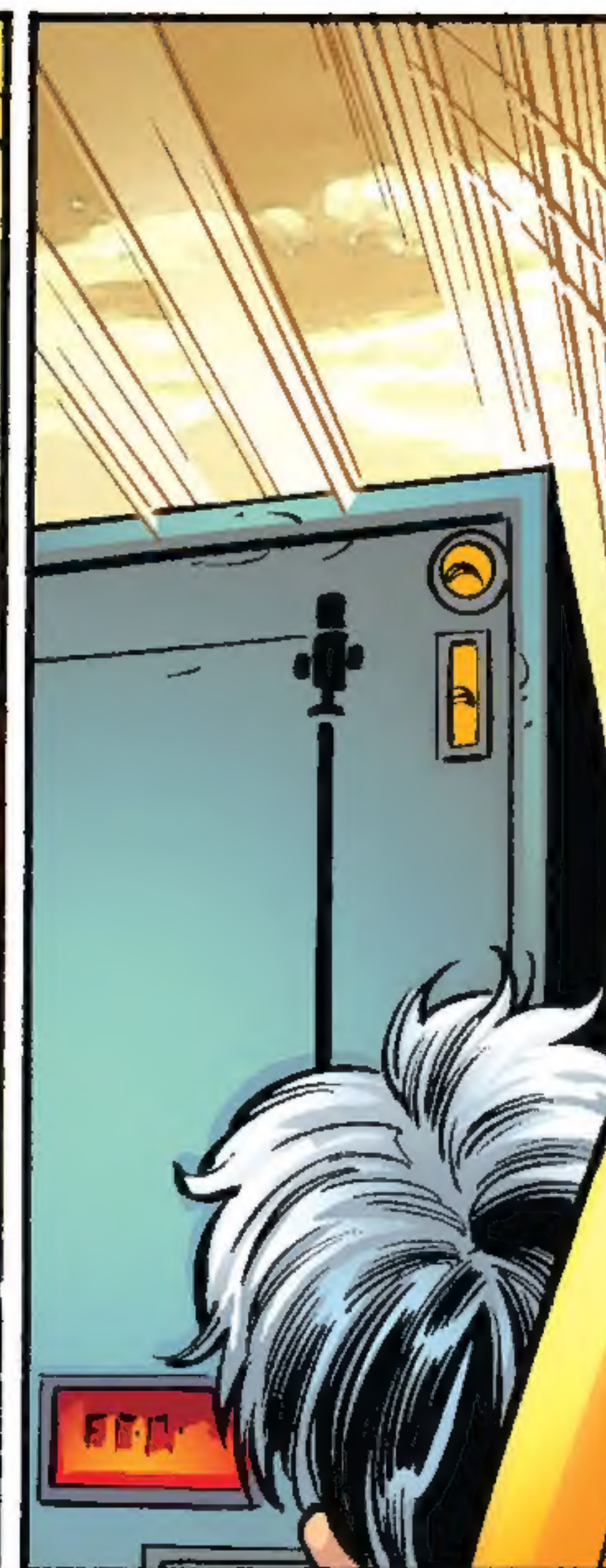
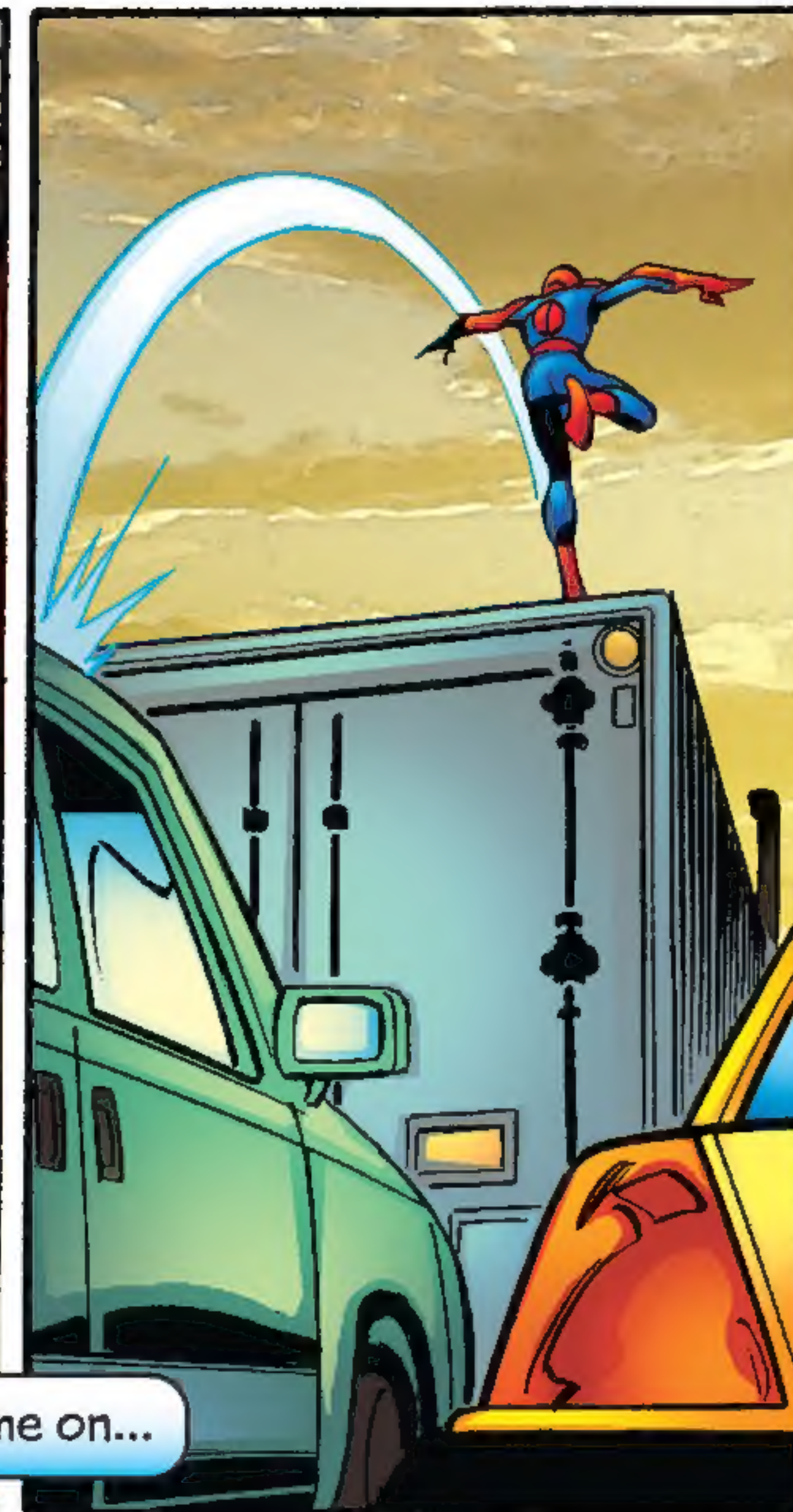
Hey, it's my Aunt May...



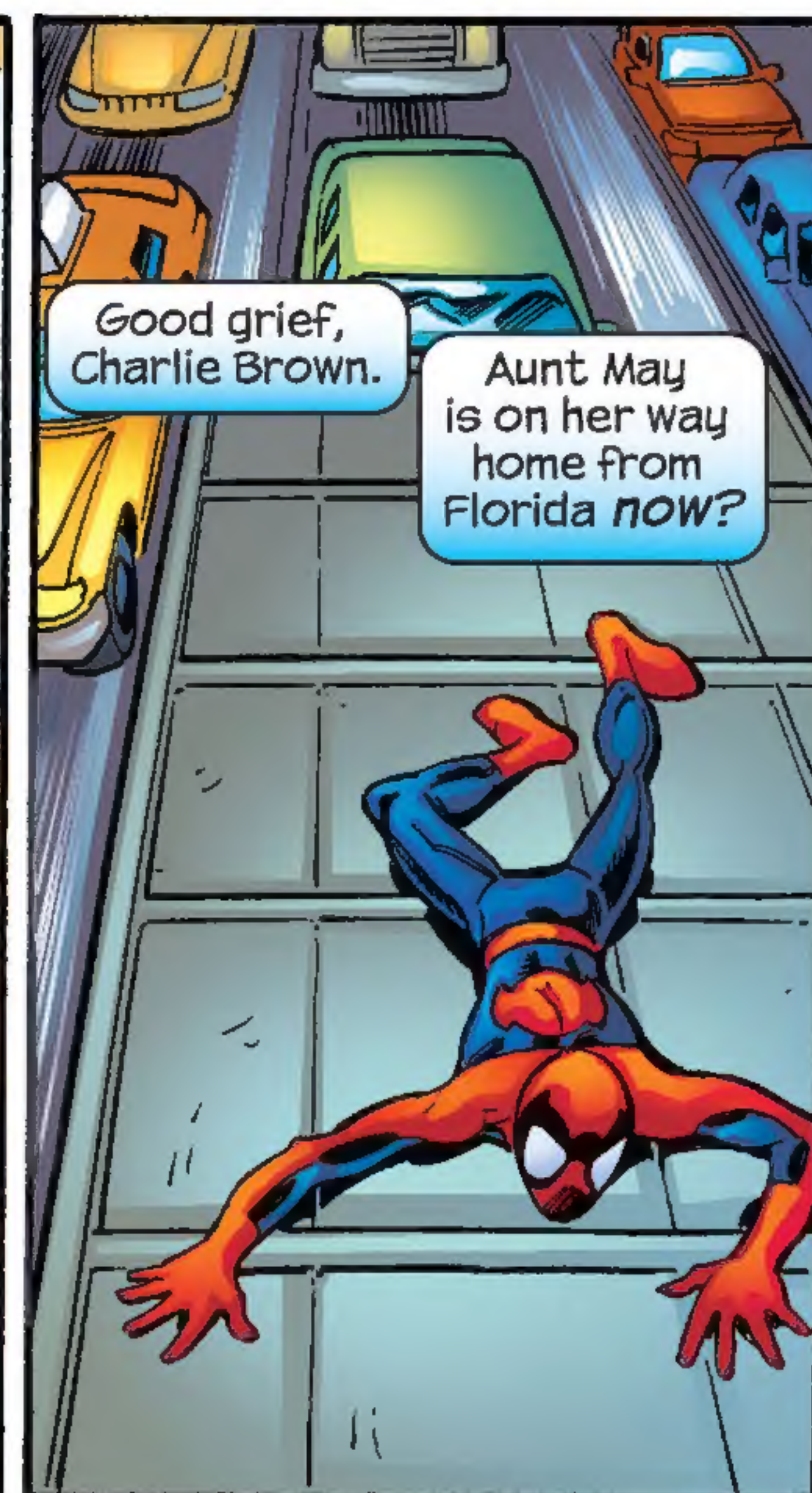
Aunt May???

Are you kidding me?

Come on...



Naah...



Good grief, Charlie Brown.

Aunt May is on her way home from Florida *now*?



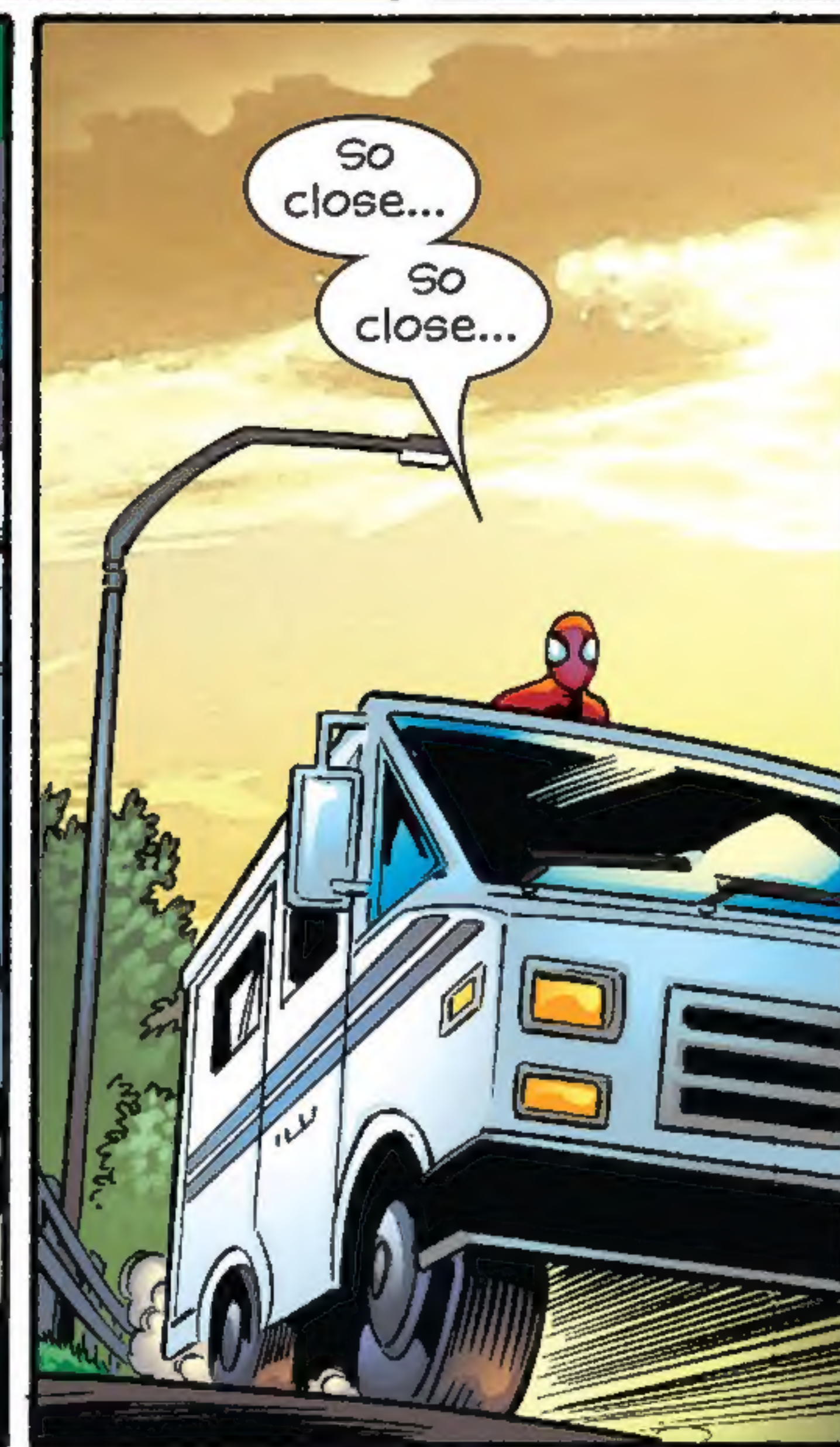
Well, you know *why*?

Because it's me, and that's that's how my life goes.

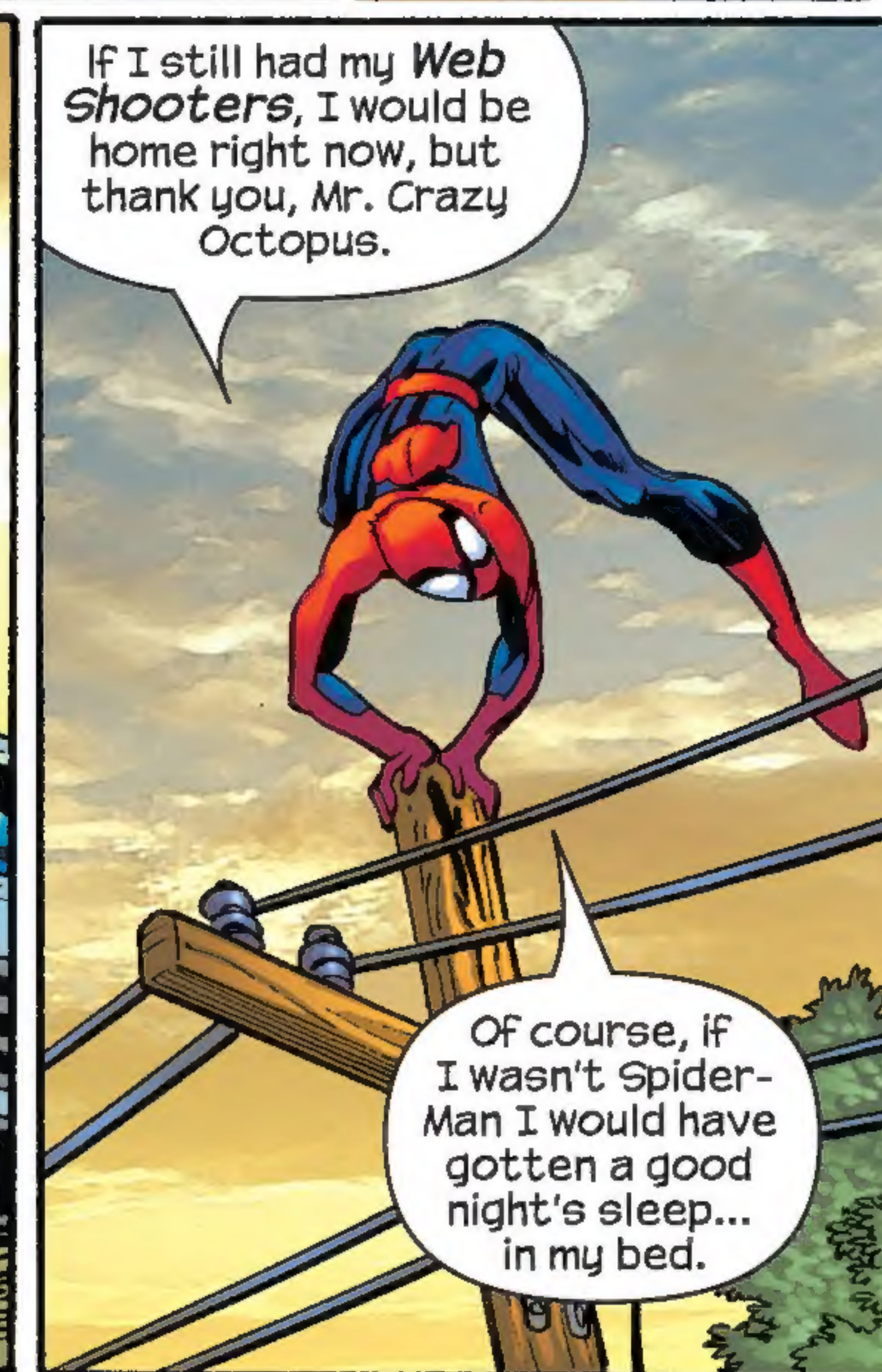


I know I am the first person in the history of the planet Earth to say this, but--

Oh, thank God! Queens!

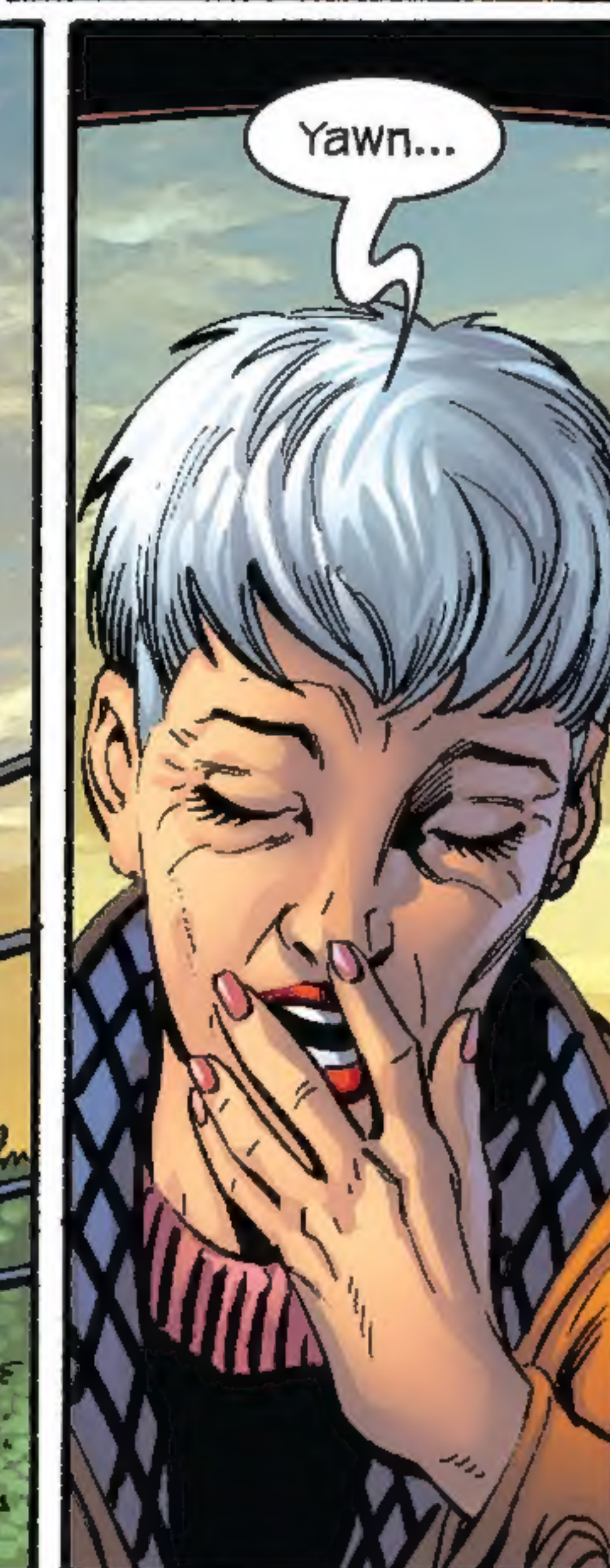


So close... So close...



If I still had my *Web Shooters*, I would be home right now, but thank you, Mr. Crazy Octopus.

Of course, if I wasn't Spider-Man I would have gotten a good night's sleep... in my bed.



Yawn...

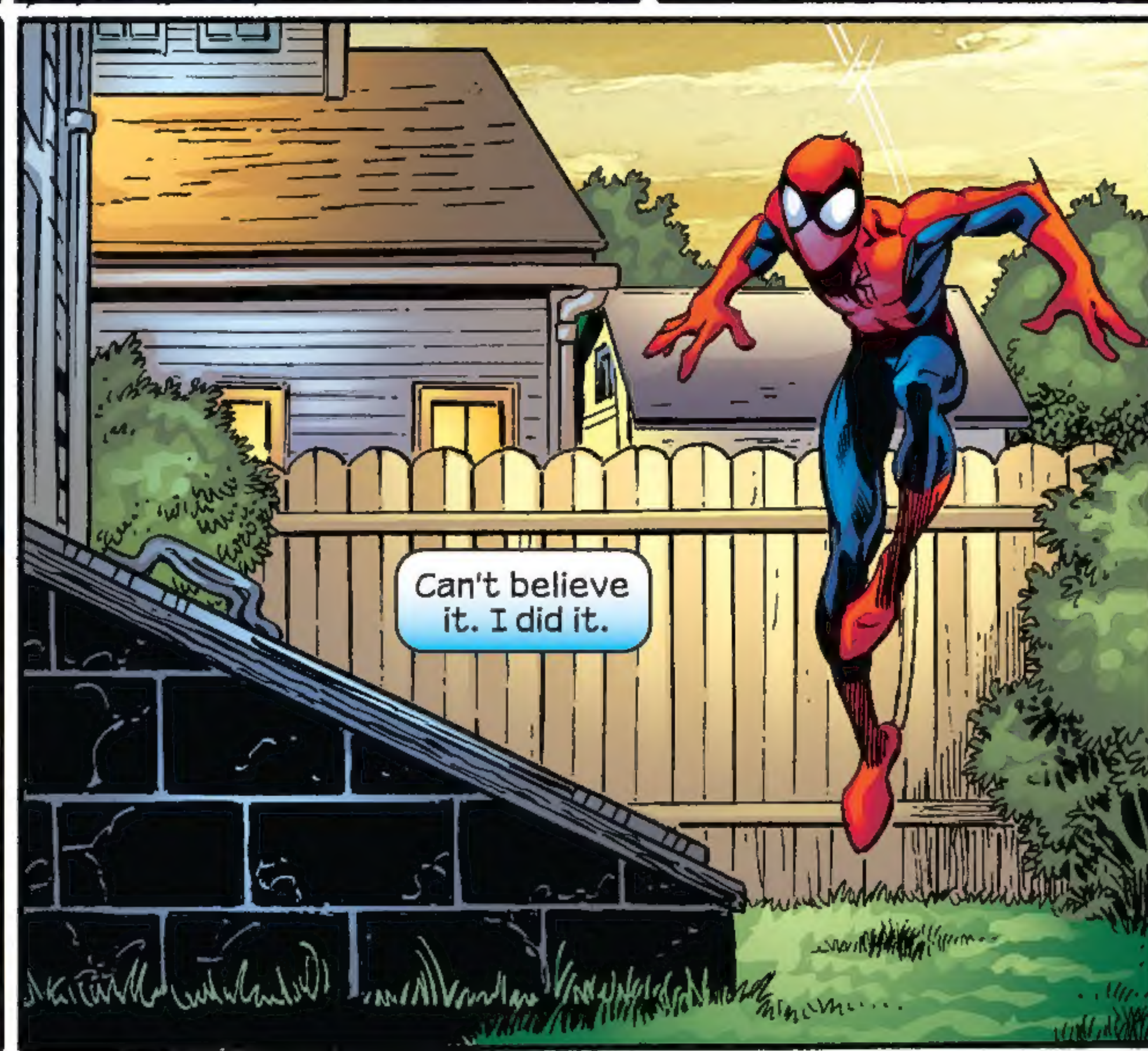


Hi, neighbors.

Don't look up.



Nice.



Can't believe it. I did it.



Made it all the way home with everything but my self-respect and hygiene intact.

Oh, man, my face is throbbing.

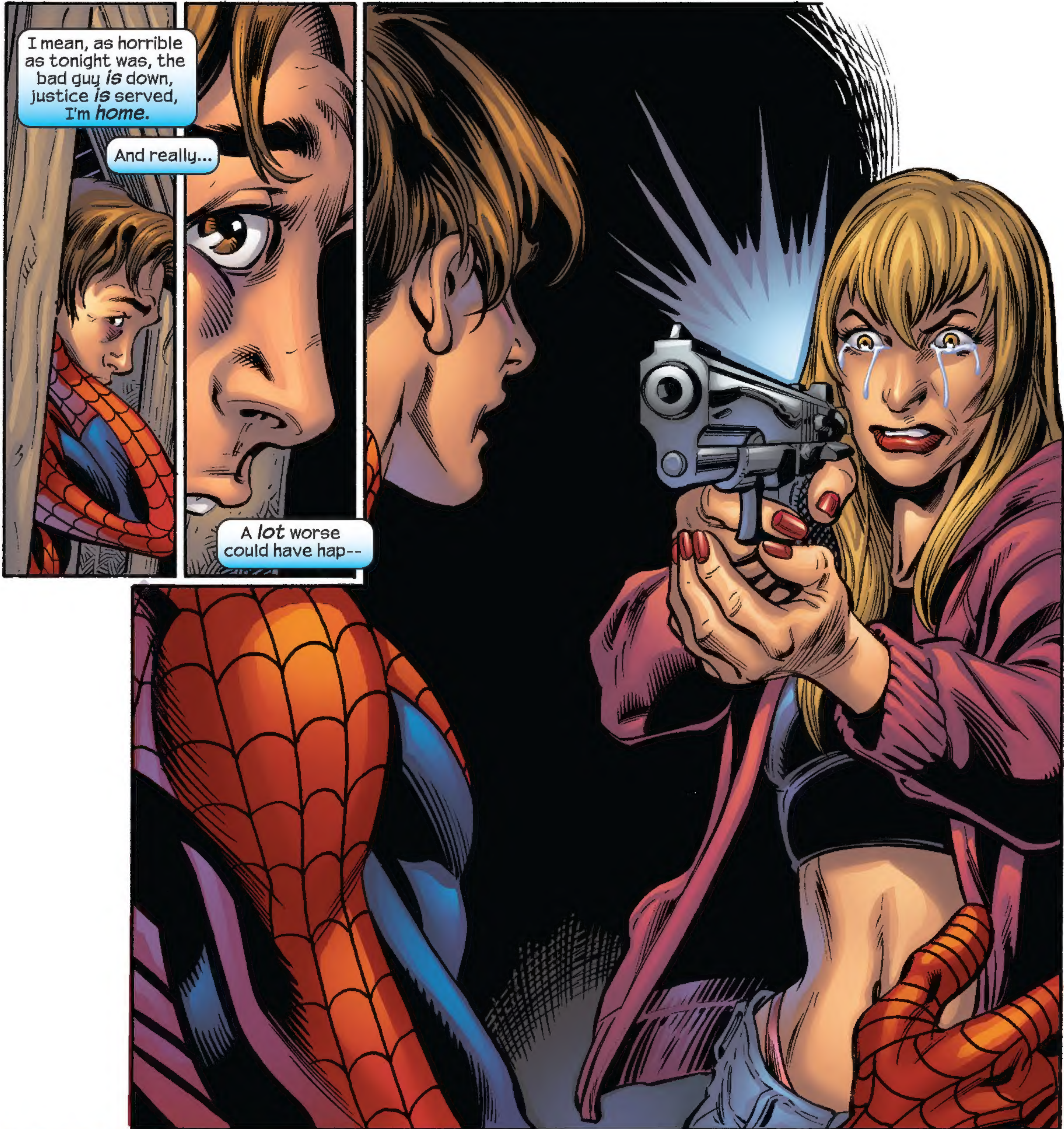
(Pulled my tooth out...)

How am I going to explain that-- ah, I'm swollen!



I'll deal with that when I deal with that.

I- honestly- I would like to take a second to pat myself on the back for getting myself home.



I mean, as horrible as tonight was, the bad guy *is* down, justice *is* served, I'm *home*.

And really...

A *lot* worse could have hap--



You did it, didn't you?

You're the one who killed my father...



It was you...

To be continued...



SON OF

VULTURON